

published monthly since 1866

The Fortnightly

FOUNDED IN 1865 BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

DECEMBER, 1950

Illinois U Library
MVIII N.S.

CONTENTS

WEAPONS AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY	RENATE RIEMECK
ARMOSA	MARC T. GREENE
NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA	L. E. NEAME
CANADA'S MACKENZIE KING	LESLIE BISHOP
FROM LIBERTY TO FREEDOM	LYDIA SICHER
WHERE ANIMALS RULE MEN	WILLARD PRICE
R. ELIOT'S COCKTAIL PARTY	J. MIDDLETON MURRY
DRAWING CLOSER—A Poem	JOHN HARTCUP
TARRANTON AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY MOVEMENT	G. A. CARTER
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH	EVELYN P. HOPE

The Fortnightly Library :

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV

B. EVAN OWEN

Other Contributors: Sir Harold Butler, O. M. Green, Walter James, Gordon Winter, Henry Baerlein, F. S. Boas, S. L. Bensusan, John Eales, Grace Banyard.

PRICE 3s. 6d. or
U.S.A. 55 CENTS
CANADA 60 CENTS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

42s. PER ANNUM or
U.S.A. \$6.50
CANADA \$7.00

ALL CLASSES
OF INSURANCE •
TRANSACTION

CAR & GENERAL
INSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



Can She Thank YOU for her *Happy Christmas* ?

THERE are many little children like her throughout the world, whose few Christmas gifts, tokens of care and affection, come only from their friends of The Salvation Army. To the world's sick, poor and aged, The Salvation Army brings some comfort, too ; some action of love, without which Christmas becomes a bitter memory. Please aid us in our efforts to spread amongst such as these a little of the joy and kindly spirit that will pervade **your** home at Christmas. Send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.

Where there's need —

The Salvation Army

101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET - LONDON, E.C.4

THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1950

REARMAMENT AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

BY RENATE RIEMECK

GREAT efforts are being made to bring the German Federal Republic into closer relationship with the free world. The discussions of the Schuman proposals have shown Germany admitted almost to partnership among those very nations who were forced to defend their freedom and their integrity from German aggression. Recently German delegates joined the Council of Europe at Strasbourg and were welcomed as friends and the statesmen of the western world are debating the rearmament of that same people whose potential strength was not long ago regarded as a constant menace to her peaceful neighbours. The collapse of the Nazi régime seemed to have marked the final debasement of Germany in the potential life of Europe ; now, after only five years, there is a dramatic change of attitude on the part of the democratic powers to western Germany.

There is no doubt that this strange reversal is largely the result of Russian imperialism and ironically it might be said that the German Federal Republic owes its political recovery to the efforts of the Soviet Union. The Korean situation made it clear to the nations of western Europe that in present circumstances the most urgent political need is to be secure from any kind of aggression. The preservation of peace depends on the military strength of all peace-loving countries in the free world. The defence against attacks by totalitarian powers is linked with the formation of a close political union of these nations. It has become clear that no such union can become effective without the inclusion of a free German people. But is there no danger in the proposed rearmament of Germany before such a unification has taken place? The earnest consideration recently given by leading members of the Council of Europe to the idea of German rearmament imply some serious problems which cannot be ignored. As long as the defence of Europe depends on national governments the rearmament of Germany has of necessity to be set up on the lines of national policies. One cannot do more than outline some of the most evident difficulties.

* * * *

First there is the obvious consideration whether Germany is able

to spend money on national forces and fortifications. Secondly one has to ask whether or not Germany is willing to co-ordinate her foreign policy with that of the western European family of nations. Thirdly one has to determine how far Germany can be considered a democracy in the western use of the word.

These three questions are linked together. To answer them is to be reminded that post-war Germany inherited an indescribable crop of troubles after the collapse of Hitlerism. By 1945 German industrial centres had practically ceased to exist ; whole districts had been reduced literally to rubble. The flow of trade, which had already suffered by reason of the artificial self-sufficiency of Hitler-Germany, had come to a standstill. The industrial revival of Germany which has taken place in the last twelve months owes its origin to American investments and Marshall Aid. Of herself Germany is not able to solve the economic problems which are the direct outcome of the total devastation the Nazis had left behind them.

One has to realize that Germany has lost one-third of her area. By the Potsdam agreement in 1945 three German provinces came under Polish administration—East Prussia, East Pomerania and Silesia—and this deprived the industrial areas of Germany of their former source of food supplies as well as of coal from the Silesian mountains. Movement of population from these districts has caused the problem of overcrowding in the West German Republic. Before the war there were 9,500,000 inhabitants in these three provinces which covered an area of 72,000 square miles. The whereabouts of 2,500,000 men are unknown. Half a million starved or perished during the last months of the war ; 6,500,000 fled from their burning villages and towns when the Russians on their march to Berlin pursued the disintegrated German armies. A large number of eastern Germans who hoped to retain their jobs or properties by staying in their native country were forced by the Poles to leave their homes and these also entered overcrowded western Germany. This means that there are 9,000,000 German refugees living in a reduced and impoverished country, and this number is enlarged by 2,600,000 German-speaking displaced persons driven out from Yugoslavia where Maria Theresa had planted them along the Danube or from Russia where Catherine the Great had settled them near the Volga. These people have now to experience terrible conditions of living. Millions still live like cave dwellers in the cellars of bombed houses. Hundreds of thousands are housed in desolate barracks or camps. These conditions inevitably promote impatience and dissatisfaction or lead to resignation and a fatalistic paralysing despair.

The German Government in Bonn, established after the first general election in 1949, has done little to improve their material existence. That government's economic policy relies on the incentives of free

trade, and is directed towards capital development within a framework of private enterprise. The social problems which arise from the low standard of living endured by so many are waiting on economic recovery for their solution. In particular the problems arising directly from the conditions in the great camps of refugees are being left to the end of the queue of post-war difficulties in Germany. The discussions on German rearmament are Utopian if they ignore the background of acute social distress.



A national defence programme must have fundamental economic consequences with which Germany cannot cope unless she reverts to the familiar totalitarian methods. She cannot provide an army except at the expense of basic social necessities. The defence of democracy or, in the case of Germany, the establishment of a true democracy does not depend only on military preparedness but upon the recognition that economic welfare is also to be defended. The neglect of the basic necessities of the community as a whole, especially in the German situation of to-day, must inevitably create a certain type of political chaos producing either Communism or Neo-Naziism. The refugees are becoming conscious of the part they could play in the political life of the country. There are clear signs that in the next

general election these 11,000,000 will act as a new political power organized in a new kind of party. But what will be their party programme ?

Some weeks ago there was an election in Schleswig-Holstein, one of the districts—*Lands*—of the Federal Republic. The votes cast at that election indicate the big change to be expected. To the surprise of the Government in Bonn and of public opinion in general, the results in Schleswig-Holstein showed that a small unknown and unimportant group—which was set up only some months before the election—had suddenly become the second largest party of the *Landtag*, that is, the Parliament of Schleswig-Holstein. This group, which calls itself “The Association of Refugees and Outlaws”, *Block der Heimatvertriebenen und Entrechteten*, was able to outnumber all other parties with the exception of the socialists who were returned as the largest party but actually lost almost half their supporters in the last election. The Christian Democrats and the Liberals—the parties of the coalition of the present West German Government in Bonn were heavily outnumbered by the new party. And within a few weeks after the election in Schleswig-Holstein sections of the Association of Refugees and Outlaws grew up all over Germany like mushrooms after the rain.

What makes this election an uncomfortable but most important event in the political life of Germany is the fact that hundreds of thousands of the impoverished peoples and a large number of middle class people who consider themselves as “outlaws” of the new democracy, gave support to a handful of inexperienced people who run a party without organization, without programme and without ideas, and who started an election campaign on the mere catchwords: “Things can’t go on as they are”, but failed to produce a constructive programme.

This is the danger to be faced. The election in Schleswig-Holstein revealed the weakness of political life in Germany. There is a new social class—the class of the dispossessed victims of the war—who constitute so large a proportion of the society that they are the balancing factor in a parliamentary democracy. It is these people, living in misery and despair, who are willing to give support to any kind of political adventure. The present situation in Germany has a striking similarity to the eve of Hitler’s *coup d’état*, when mass unemployment and economic crisis paved the way for totalitarianism. The leaders of the Association of Refugees and Outlaws are no Hitlers. They do not know their direction and certainly were themselves surprised by their success. It is unlikely that as a party they will last. But democracy has not taken a sufficiently firm hold in Germany and any skilful demagogue would be able to make this

fluctuating mass of discontented electors an instrument of his intentions.

* * * *

It is from this point of view that the rearmament of Germany is an acute danger to the slow progress of democracy in the country. The refugee has not given up his hope of repatriation. He still believes that one day he will be able to leave the over-crowded west and go back to Silesia, East Prussia and Pomerania. But he knows that there is no chance that the iron curtain could be lifted and the problem of the Polish administrated German provinces solved by diplomatic means. And though the average German knows what war means—a great proportion of the refugees would welcome the military comeback of Germany, not only as a means of defence against the Communist menace, but also because they hope that Germany would thereby be enabled to recover her former possessions beyond the Oder river.

There are already prominent Germans, whose background shows considerable sympathy with Naziism—together with a number of nationalistic groups—even in the Federal Parliament in Bonn, who are planning the military revival of Germany. The speeches of certain foreign politicians have done much to encourage them. The majority of Germans have seen the face of war too closely to sympathize with ambitious militarism. But what will happen if these groups seize the opportunity to combine their challenge with the illusionism of "the outlaws"? Nothing is certain in Germany; it is necessary to make no mistakes about it. German soldiers in a European army would stand for freedom and the individual rights of western civilization. But German forces on the lines of a national army would not defend German democracy. For democracy is a devalued term in the German language and the existence of a parliamentary system is no proof of the development of the democratic way of life or the popularity of democratic ideals in Germany.

Twice in their history the Germans were given democracy, and twice it was the result of a lost war and was set up in a period of chaos that traditionally follows the fall of imperialism. The liberal-minded German democrats of the nineteenth century never succeeded in gaining the victory over the authoritarian principles of the political structure of Germany and so it happened that in 1918 democracy was presented as the questionable gift of a breakdown. Unfortunately a very large proportion of the people called democracy to account for the evident economic and political difficulties of the post-war period and at last the discontent culminated in the overthrow of democracy by the Nazis in 1933. The experience of mass unemployment and economic depression under the democratic system just before Hitler

came to power and the specious prosperity after 1933 when totalitarianism seemed to produce economic welfare, made many Germans believe that democratic methods were unable to meet the particular problems of the country. The Nazis had no esteem for the rights of man and did nothing to nourish the respect for democratic ideals.

In 1945 democracy entered Germany with the armies of the western nations and all the controls and regulations that traditionally restrict the freedom of a defeated people. Why should the Germans love democracy? Democracy does not happen; it has to grow. And it takes time to grow. The problems of this new democracy are incomparably greater and in some ways much more discouraging than those of the first German Republic. Germany will not be able to meet them without the aid of the western nations.

But what happens in Germany is critical for the future of the world. Both the social need of the German refugees and the defence against military attacks by totalitarianism are matters of international concern. If Germany is to become a democracy in the western sense of the word she must not be thrown back upon the nationalist principles of past days. The only sound policy is to bind her into a close political union of free peoples. And upon the fashion in which this union is formed will depend the establishment and the survival of a democratic way of life in Germany.

(Dr. Riemeck is a German historian and Lecturer at the Oldenburg Training College.)

FORMOSA

BY MARC T. GREENE

SWIFTLY-CHANGING conditions in the Far East have made of the island of Formosa (Taiwan in the old Chinese) a focal point, possibly *the* focal-point. Whoever controls the island, which is about half the size of Ireland and one of the most fertile regions of the tropical Orient, will be in a challenging position. He will hold the outer bastion of the China Coast. He will be able to protect that or to menace it. Even more important, he will, in the words of Dr. Bridges in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* in 1876, be "interposed as a protective fortification between the Asiatic Coast and the broad expanse of the Pacific." Which is really to say, between Asia and the western world, since Formosa is the most important of a long line of islands constituting a natural bastion.

It is also a true paradise of natural wealth as well as beauty. Of it Dr. Bridges wrote: "The outline of the mountains is at once beautiful and fantastic. Domes and peaks and wall-like precipices succeed each other in striking variety. A brilliant verdure clothes their sides, down which fall cascades that shine like silver in the tropical sunlight." Commodities of value all the way from coal to camphor comprise the natural resources of this marvellous island. An English engineer named Tyzack commenced mining coal in 1877. During the past three-quarters of a century the world's main source of supply of camphor has been here. Tea and sugar are the other most important products, but there is also an abundance of rice and wheat, sweet potatoes, taro, millet and maize, barley, indigo, ground-nuts, jute, hemp and oil. In fact, only Java rivals Formosa as a natural treasure-house.

Upon this richness, as well as the strategic importance of the island, the Japanese had looked covetously long before the war with China in 1895 made it possible to gain possession. One of the first provisions of the Treaty of Shimonoseki was the ceding of Formosa to Japan. This the islanders, mostly Chinese deriving from Amoy and Swatow ancestry and some 150,000 "wild" mountain aborigines, stubbornly refused to accept and maintained an anti-Japanese guerrilla warfare for many years. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the Japanese brought a large measure of political tranquillity and material progress into a land where conditions had long been chaotic and widespread

rebellion frequent. The savages were either subjugated or driven into the mountain wildernesses around which the Japanese threw an extraordinary cordon of barbed wire and even electrified much of it. On the whole, the period of Japanese sway, between 1895 and the end of the late war, was the most prosperous, materially, that Formosa has known, and the standard of living of the people the highest. Nor did the rulers bear down as heavily on the islanders as they did on the Koreans. They seemed to have understood the independent spirit of the Formosans and even to have fostered it, perhaps with the intent to alienate them entirely from the homeland and the traditions of their ancestors.

By 1941 it is likely that the actually savage, head-hunting aborigines really existed in little more than legend. About 50,000 were still classified as "untamed" but the fiercest of all the mountain tribes, the Taiyals, had finally yielded to the repeated punitive expeditions the Japanese sent against them. More and more aborigines came down to the coast, mingled and inter-married with the Chinese, and in remarkable numbers and with surprising zeal even embraced Christianity. This the Japanese used every measure to prevent, but during the 1939-1945 war a kind of underground movement developed among the mountain tribes, and when the missionaries returned in 1946 they found to their amazement that by themselves, without any missionary support and despite Japanese repression, more than 7,000 aborigines whose own fathers were head-hunters, had embraced the Christian faith, largely under the leadership of a small group of their own people whom the American and British missionaries had converted just before the war. At the head of these was the Rev. James Dickson, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission. Since the end of the war this work has continued with increasing energy and expanding results.

Such is the physical and cultural background of this island of which few people knew much or had any interest in until it became the Far Eastern focal point that it is at the moment. Since the first Europeans, the Dutch, occupied it more than 300 years ago, it has been little more than a name to the western world, and a name at that mostly associated with tea. Not one person in ten could have said with any exactitude where it was or to whom it belonged.

But when from its air bases Japanese planes descended on the Philippines and Hong Kong at the same time, on the morning of December 8, 1941, the name of Formosa appeared large on the front pages of newspapers all over the world. Its southern tip no more than 400 miles from the Philippines, only a few score miles of sea separating it from the Chinese mainland and not much more from Hong Kong, its strategic importance was suddenly obvious.

To-day it may be the key to the whole Far Eastern position. In

the hands of the Communists, which but for the Korean war it very likely would have been in by now, it as good as cuts off the West from most of China. On the other hand, held by the West, or even friendly-disposed to it, Formosa challenges the Communist position on the mainland. It cannot be said, however, that the masses of the Formosan people are at present friendly toward the western world and especially toward America.

The Formosans, never very amicably-inclined toward China notwithstanding their extraction, have long clamoured for independence, or at least for a measure of self-government. In a country of vastly different character, knowing a standard of living out of that country's opulence that was considerably in advance of the rest of Asia, they have in late years felt no common bond with continental China. Much inter-marriage with the independence-loving hill peoples has also helped to inculcate a spirit of intransigence toward foreign rule. In short, the Formosans thought they saw in the late war and its outcome their chance at last. They had endured much ; now that era was ended, and the conquering, liberty-loving West would yield them the long-sought boon.

What actually happened ? They found themselves turned over to China, the very last thing, save only a return to Japan, that they wanted. Vanished were their visions of independence, their hopes of political autonomy so long cherished and so long deferred. Then, atop that disappointment, down comes pouring a horde of Chinese military, the fleeing Nationalists, the shattered remnants of a movement which, in 1927 had seemed to promise to the whole Chinese people a new era but which had degenerated into a mass of corruption, incompetency and greed.

To-day a conservative estimate is that there are half a million Nationalists quartered and billeted upon the once—but no more—prosperous Formosans. They arrived by any and every kind of craft that would float, many of which were sunk or permitted to sink as soon as their cargoes, human and material, were ashore. The craft can be seen now cluttering the harbour of Keelung, the port of Taipeh. The Formosans contemplated all this with dismay. The Nationalists not only made drastic demands upon the island economy, steadily reducing the native standard of living until to-day it is generally estimated at 50 per cent below normal, but at once commenced a kind of "press-gang" method of "persuading" young Formosans to join the Nationalist ranks. It has been stated by some reporters of the position that there have been many "volunteers" to Chiang Kai-shek's armies. That is arrant nonsense ; quite the contrary is the case. Moreover, why should young Formosans volunteer ? To fight with one Chinese group against another ? For what purpose ? To what end ? These are some of the questions

any Formosan would ask, nor would any ideological argument have weight with him.

The fact is, as this correspondent discovered at once when he was in Formosa a few months ago, that the islanders are very ill-disposed toward the Chinese Nationalists, mainly for the foregoing reasons and also for various others. They do not want to engage in quarrels among the continental Chinese. They do not want to engage in any quarrels. They want, as indeed most Asiatic peoples do, to see an end of fighting in whatever cause, and an opportunity to pursue in their industrious fashion their own affairs, mostly economic ; to raise their rice and millet undisturbed ; to labour at a good wage, as Asiatic wages go, in the many potentially prosperous productive industries of their island.

They therefore have been, on the whole, in no state of mind to aid the Nationalist encroachers—as they regard them—in resisting a possible Communist attempt at invasion. Indeed, it was the opinion of more than one European in Formosa, as expressed to the present writer, that the Communists might even look for a measure of welcome, on the ground that nothing could be much worse for the Formosans than their country in the grip of the Nationalists, and possibly a change would be an improvement.

Europeans, mostly living in or about Taipeh, believed before the Korean war that a Communist invasion attempt would certainly come before the end of the present year, and that partly in view of the islanders' state of mind, it had a considerable chance of success. But with the start of the Korean war and the taking over of the island defence by America the possibility of invasion is of course ruled out at least as long as that defence continues.

The Communist contention is that America practically inaugurated a state of war against Communist China when the announcement was made that interference with Formosa could not and under existing conditions would not be tolerated. But, except from the Communist view-point, the position taken by America is not only sound but inevitable. Had it not been taken a Communist attack on the island was practically certain long before now. Its chances of success were two-to-one. With Formosa in Communist hands, the whole United Nations position would have been menaced. Actually we would have been out-flanked. Therefore, only one anxious to see the entire Far East—including Hong Kong—in Communist hands can question the necessity of present American—or really United Nations—strategy in respect of Formosa.

But if the Communist menace, apparently checked in north-eastern Asia but still to be dealt with in the south-east, can finally by any means short of general war be contained, protection by America of Chinese Nationalism dominant in Formosa would be inexcusable.

It could aid nothing or nobody but a corrupt and discredited régime corruptly and discredibly led. And it might have serious consequences. At best it would certainly lead to revolts and guerrilla warfare against Chiang Kai-shek throughout Formosa, disrupting the once prosperous and still potentially prosperous island economy and alienating the Formosan people from the West.

Any such alternative as a "neutralized" or "internationalized" Formosa would be an insult to its people, and certainly resented as such, being obviously a move of expediency without consideration for the feelings and the national pride of the islanders. We must assuredly protect Formosa, just as we are engaged in protecting others. But we cannot turn their country into an international fortress with them no more than tolerated dwellers in it.

Liberal opinion in the United States was shocked by General MacArthur's action in going to Formosa and assuring the discredited Chiang Kai-shek of friendship and support. This school of American thought was wholly with President Truman in his rebuke of the Supreme Commander's assertion about the Formosan "life-line". Nevertheless, it is understood and appreciated by all informed and thoughtful people that these are times that often compel strange fellowships. The present writer is personally acquainted with General MacArthur and understands, or thinks he understands, some of that redoubtable person's actual sentiments. There are exigencies and crises, when, as hardly requires pointing out, high-level moves are necessary which may at the time, and in the absence of full understanding, appear to the man in the street as of a muddy complexion. During the war, in more than one theatre of it, affiliations were demanded and compromises found necessary that were moves of the bitterest expediency, no more, involving no moral recessions and implying no future commitments. There are leaders who are tactful and subtle enough to carry out such a policy successfully. General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, able and determined yet stubborn and uncompromising, was an example of failure—or rather refusal—along these lines. Douglas MacArthur, among whose many attributes of greatness are tact, a deep human understanding and farsightedness, owes at least part of his success to his ability to face difficult situations and deal with difficult people and to reconcile both.

The problem of Formosa's future is admittedly a perplexing one. The contention is unanswerable that if, after consolidating our position in Korea, we withdraw from Formosa and it is presently taken by the Communists our "life-line" in the East is broken. On the other hand, the argument persists that the Communist Government is the Government of China and therefore that to oppose force to any of its acts is to declare war upon it. Here, of course, the advocates of

"neutralization" find their strong point. Since we can neither defend Formosa nor abandon it, the only possible course is to declare its "neutrality" and insist upon that, to the point of force if necessary. Yet again, what would that be, in the face of a Chinese Communist attack, but virtually to declare war upon the latter ?

It is possible that, were the Formosans to be granted independence, they would go all out to resist a Communist invasion, something they certainly will never do as long as the alternative is continued Nationalist dominance. In that resistance they could be aided by the United Nations, as the South Koreans have been. Such a course might, or might not, mean general war. Nobody can say until it is tried.

The fact is, that the solution of the problem of Formosa is not in sight, and must obviously depend upon the future course of events not only in the Far East but in the whole world. Our procedure there, that is to say the procedure of the United Nations, must be according as that course develops. We must meet such challenges as arise when they arise, being of course prepared and better prepared than we were in Korea. But apart from all that we must respect and appreciate the wishes and the aspirations of the Formosans themselves, granting them if not complete independence, at least as much as the exigencies of the situation may permit, holding out to them some hope that the present situation, which is practically the maintenance of their country as an armed camp for the remainders of the Chinese Nationalist army and the last hold of corrupt Chiang Kai-shekism, will be terminated as soon as possible.

(The author, an American, has recently returned from Formosa, being accredited as a special correspondent to both the military and civilian branches of the Occupation Authority in Japan.)

NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA]

BY L. E. NEAME

THE news that South-West Africa had elected six Nationalists to sit in the parliament of the Union of South Africa probably passed almost unnoticed in a distracted world. Yet the verdict of the once German territory may have a far-reaching effect upon the future of the African sub-continent. It doubles the Malan Government's majority in the Union's elected Chamber and may enable it to entrench itself in office indefinitely.

In South Africa the wheel has turned full circle. Fifty years ago the government was wholly British. To-day it is wholly Dutch—or, to use the modern term, Afrikaner. In 1900 the British swallowed the two Boer Republics. Now the two Boer Republics have swallowed what was once British South Africa. For the first thirty-eight years of its existence, all the governments of the Union contained representatives of the English section of the population. When they were Prime Ministers, Botha and Smuts had clear majorities in the legislature but they gave three seats in their cabinets to men of British descent. Hertzog, though he had the reputation of being anti-British, always included two or three Englishmen in his ministries. To-day Dr. Malan's cabinet has none. For the first time in the history of the Union there is in office a government composed entirely of Afrikaners.

The first objective of the Nationalists is to entrench themselves permanently in office. To do so they intend to get rid of the three representatives of the natives sitting in parliament and remove from the common register the 45,000-odd coloured voters who usually support the Opposition. This dual design has been held up so far because Mr. Havenga, the leader of the small Afrikaner Party, considers that there is not at present sufficient public sanction for ignoring the entrenched clauses in the Act of Union demanding a two-thirds majority for such changes. So to Dr. Malan the reinforcement from South-West Africa was invaluable. With it he can put his measures through without the support of Mr. Havenga for it is now probable that in the event of a show-down most of Mr. Havenga's eight followers would decide to throw in their lot with the National Party to which they owe their seats. Thus the election in the South-

West gives Dr. Malan's party a new lease of power. Afrikaner nationalism may now rule the Union for many years.

Few of those who forty years ago hailed the formation of the Union as a "fresh start" in South Africa imagined that it would end in the triumph of Afrikaner nationalism. But with the easy wisdom that follows the event one now sees that that result was almost inevitable.

In the first place when the Union was formed there was no clear indication of the numerical strength of the two races who were to build up the new South African nation. In his memorandum suggesting the uniting of the four colonies, Lord Selborne said that "the populations of British and Boer descendants are as far as can be ascertained approximately equal." Sir George Farrar, the leader of the English party in the Transvaal, thought that the English in the country "were numerous enough to make a government if they chose to vote together." All such estimates were falsified when in 1921 the census returns showed for the first time the race composition of the white as determined by parentage. The figures made it clear that the people of Dutch descent outnumbered the British by five to three and also constituted a majority of about 14 per cent. over British and foreign combined.

The optimists of 1910 also forgot nationalism. Not only were the Dutch in a majority but in most of them there burned that fever of which George Bernard Shaw once wrote: "It will listen to no reformer, to no philosopher, to no preacher, until the demand of the nationalist is granted. It will attend to no business, however vital, except the business of unification and liberation."

Botha and Smuts strove to foster a spirit of tolerant South Africanism offering full opportunities to both races. Afrikaner nationalism would not listen to them. In 1912 Hertzog, preaching a narrower racial gospel, broke with them. He marched into the wilderness alone. In twelve years he was Prime Minister. In 1934 Dr. Malan, rejecting the Hertzog-Smuts fusion, went forth into the wilderness preaching a "purified" Afrikaner nationalism. He had only a handful of followers in parliament. In fourteen years he was Prime Minister.

Even now the fever of nationalism has not run its course. Some of those who march under Dr. Malan's banner will be satisfied with nothing less than republican secession and the sweeping away of the British parliamentary system which Dr. Malan himself holds to be "unsuitable" for South Africa. To the short view, therefore, the outlook has never seemed darker for South Africans accustomed to the British way of life. The pronouncements of extreme Afrikanerdom on the language question, and the demand for a more rigidly disciplined society, fall ominously on the ears of people bred in an atmosphere of tolerant and broadminded administration.

A dozen years ago that sequel might have been inevitable. Then triumphant Afrikanerdom might have marched on to its long-proclaimed goal—a republic outside the British Commonwealth. After all South Africa from a population point of view has never been British. In its political field to-day there is no British party. There is no man of English descent who could aspire to be Prime Minister. And yet the era of racial politics may even now be ending, or at least on the point of undergoing a notable transformation. A greater danger than the antagonism of the two white races has begun to emerge. The old conflict between Britons and Boers is ceasing to be the major issue in the sub-continent. It has in any case been decided in favour of the Boers, leaving the British to fight only a rear-guard action.

For the problem of the future is not whether the British or the Boers are to dominate South Africa. It is whether both can survive the upsurging of black nationalism. The African kaleidoscope is assuming a new shape. The message to get rid of the white man was secretly preached fifty years ago in the Ethiopian churches. Numerous witnesses before Milner's great Native Affairs Commission of 1902-1903 testified to a small scale inculcation of the spirit of revolt. The cloud that was then no bigger than a man's hand is beginning to cover the sky. Communism has infiltrated into South Africa not so much as the doctrine of Marxism as the gospel of Africa for the Africans. The uprising of the coloured races in Asia is being welcomed by the non-whites in Africa as a portent of things to come in their own continent. The African natives are claiming equality—political and social and economic. They are asking for the sweeping away of all colour bars and discriminatory conventions. They demand the right to rise to the utmost limit of which they are capable in the community in which they find themselves. The denial of these claims is creating a growing feeling of frustration and resentment which provides a rich soil for the sowing of the seeds of Communism.

If power is to follow the counting of heads, a race that is in a minority of four to one cannot hope to retain its supremacy indefinitely. The white people in South Africa are not prepared to risk their future upon the uncertainties of the polling booth. Three hundred years ago they began to colonize an empty land. They have no other home. They will not let their right to remain be decided by the black peoples who have infiltrated into their homeland.

Afrikanerdom has always rejected assimilation. It does not deny the right of non-whites to raise themselves in the scale of civilization. What it insists upon is that there must be no danger of ultimately transforming a white civilization into a black. Dr. Malan and the Nationalists propose to solve the problem by a policy they call *Apartheid* (separation). They claim that it provides fairly for all the

inhabitants of a multi-coloured land. In theory it is vertical separation replacing what may be roughly described as horizontal separation. *Apartheid* places no ceiling over any race in its own home. The individual is free to rise to the top of his own racial compartment. He will not be able to rise to the top of anybody else's. In their own areas the natives and the coloured people are to manage their own affairs under their own officials; and if they choose they may establish their own industries.

Apartheid is a long-term policy. Dr. Malan admits it may take fifty or even a hundred years to bring it into full operation. If it is to be fairly applied the natives must obviously be given adequate reserves—at present they cover an area larger than England—and be helped to create a suitable economic structure within them. On that guarantee most of the natives would probably accept *Apartheid* for they realize that as permanent residents in a white community they are likely to continue to suffer the disabilities always imposed by a higher race upon a backward people.

The idea of having separate areas in which white and black may work out their future is not new. It was suggested long ago by missionaries in South Africa and officials in Rhodesia. In THE FORTNIGHTLY of August 1907 Sir H. H. Johnston, an acknowledged authority on Africa, wrote: "South of the Zambesi basin, the ultimate future of the land is for the white man . . . Little by little we must endeavour to plant the Negro surplusage of South Africa in the more tropical regions of the continent, little by little to direct the steps of the descendants of the Kaffirs and the Basuto back to the lands from which their ancestors migrated. . . . The ideal (settlement) no doubt would be for white, black and yellow to grow up together with equal rights and equal possessions in that healthy part of South Africa which is suited to the white race. But although the black man and the yellow man may, and no doubt will, mingle their blood in the future, it is doubtful whether the white race will consent to fuse into a hybrid type. But it seems to me, with what practical knowledge I have of Africa, that it is doubtful whether black and white can co-exist in the same community with equal rights. The white man is not bidding for a very large share of the Dark Continent. The rough justice of this planet will probably accord him that share without the permanent stain of wrong-doing, if he will safeguard scrupulously the almost exclusive right of the Negro to the possession of the soil and the greater share of the profits in tropical Africa."

The members of Dr. Malan's Government are held up to opprobrium abroad as men who are striving to plant in the African sub-continent the Naziism that has been uprooted in Europe. Vague idealists in many lands, as well as the notorious expositors of human freedom who broadcast from the Kremlin, fulminate against the

tyranny seated in Pretoria. But what lies behind events in South Africa is not an attempt to enslave primitive peoples. It is an effort to establish a white race in a black continent—and that, as Lord Balfour once remarked, is “something that has never presented itself in the history of mankind.” Although the cry of Africa for the Africans is becoming increasingly vocal there has long been—and there still is—a white man’s Africa in which a European race has as much right to survive as those whose aim it is to eject it.

The policy of *Apartheid* may not be wholly practicable, but the principle underlying it is approved not only by the majority of the white people in the Union but by the Europeans in the Rhodesias, Kenya and Tanganyika. In those territories there is no desire to implement British socialistic ideology, or to base colour policy on the exhortations of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

But Afrikanerdom contained in a racial air-bell cannot sustain white civilization in a black continent. The defenders of white man’s Africa must include the territories to the north of the Afrikaner stronghold. The Afrikaners may—understandably enough—have no love for the British ; but the instinct of self-preservation should induce them to come to some accommodation, not only with the English in their midst, but with those who man the outer defences of the white race. Afrikanerdom will never preserve its own kingdom by carrying on a cold war against another body of Europeans equally concerned with holding their ground in the face of the rising tide of African nationalism.

The urgent need to-day is not to consolidate the Afrikaners, or to consolidate the British, but to consolidate the white race in the sub-continent. If resurgent Afrikaner nationalism will realize that truth, and act upon it, the two white races might even now make a “fresh start” upon a soil more likely to bear fruit than that upon which the Union of South Africa was hurriedly set forty years ago. The fate of white man’s Africa depends upon whether Afrikanerdom can subordinate purely racial sentiments and ambitions to far-sighted statesmanship.

(Mr. Neame was formerly the editor of the Cape Argus and is the author of General Hertzog.)

CANADA'S MACKENZIE KING

BY LESLIE BISHOP

DECEMBER was a month of memories for Mackenzie King and, like so many of us, he was inclined to sentimentalize over what G. F. Bradby called the "eternal" past. It was his birthday month, for one thing. It was also the birth-month and the death-month of his friend Henry Harper who, next to his mother, seems to have been the greatest influence on his life.

As fellow undergraduates at Toronto in the 'nineties, King and Harper were two thoughtful young men who admired the intellectual honesty of Matthew Arnold and held with Browning that life was earnest. They enjoyed one of those ardent friendships of righteous youth planning, in unanswerable logic and valiant optimism, to change the world. Side by side they marched proudly under the banner of a newborn nation. Their attitude was well expressed by some words which Harper wrote in his diary and King later quoted: "Idealism is not folly. It prevents folly. It is the main hope of a delirious world."

Shortly after King was appointed Canada's first Deputy Minister of Labour in 1900, he sent for Harper and appointed him secretary of the embryo labour department. They worked together during the early years of King's public life, sharing a flat in Ottawa. In holiday mood, they explored the rolling Gatineau country in the neighbourhood of Kingsmere lake, a scene where

The mere like a pearl lustrous and still
Is clasped in the double shade
Of the wood and the hill,

and where the future Prime Minister chose his summer home.

King received from Harper both help and recognition—re-assurances of the value of his work as a conciliator of industrial strife. When he was called away from the capital, to mediate in a dispute, the letters from his friend were a constant encouragement. As he was returning from the west in December 1901, he was heartbroken to read in a newspaper that Harper had been drowned in the Ottawa river while attempting to rescue a girl in a skating accident. A brilliant life had ended at 28. To make the public aware of his friend's self-sacrifice he organized a subscription for a monument. It took the form of a bronze statue of Galahad after the painting of Watts, a reproduction

of which had hung on the wall of Harper's study. He wrote a memoir of Harper*, a book informed with love, and dedicated it to his mother. In it he expressed the basic ideas of the philosophy which he had shared with his friend and which was the matrix of his social attitude.

Perhaps King came to identify himself, too, with the Galahad tradition†—to picture himself in his own mind as a "just and faithful knight" who fought (invariably) on the side of the angels. That may have been what Ibsen would have called his "life-lie". It would help to explain the self-confident ruthlessness with which, on occasion, he drew his "good blade" and "carved the casques" of his political opponents. His was the destiny of living on—to lead the Liberal Party of Canada for 29 years—to be Prime Minister for a total of 21, "longer than any other head of any freely elected government at any time."‡ What was the original impulse behind this extraordinary career?

His reason for entering public life is well known. His mother wanted him to follow in the footsteps of her father, William Lyon Mackenzie, the "rebel" leader of the 1837 rising. More than that, she was determined that her elder son should succeed where her father had failed. She felt that the family must square its account with Canadian history. Isabel Grace Mackenzie King was an unusual woman. The Forster oil painting shows her seated, reading, her face illuminated by the firelight. Mr. Reginald Hardy** quotes an Ottawa lady who, as a child, saw Isabel King:

Once in a while, the stage-coach would sweep by, and a beautiful woman would be riding in it, her long white hair streaming out behind her in the wind. It was Mrs. King, and we used to pretend that she was the Queen of the Fairies. She had a strange, ethereal beauty about her that impressed us deeply.

Her charm was the pretty shell of a tenacious character that clung to the rock of faith amid the storms of life. To the qualities of a Scottish Presbyterian, she united a stoicism acquired during early years of poverty and uncertainty when her father was driven from pillar to post, a fugitive expatriate. The humiliations of those years had burned themselves into her mind and strengthened her resolution. She ordered her son to fight an election, even as she lay in her last illness. Isabel King had made him what the Canadians call a 'perfectionist'. In his own life, and in the sweep and range of his policies, he tried to implement the principles of an intelligent, twentieth-century Christianity. To the Victorian mind, there was no

* *The Secret of Heroism: A Memoir of Henry Albert Harper*, by W. L. Mackenzie King. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 1906. (In August 1950 this was reported to be still out of print.)

† Others identified him with it. Marie Sylvia in her memorial poem, translated in the *Ottawa Citizen*, August 5, speaks of him as a "knight".

‡ *The Times* leader, July 24, 1950.

** *Mackenzie King of Canada: A Biography*, by H. Reginald Hardy. Oxford University Press, 1949.

incompatibility between righteousness and shrewdness, and Mackenzie King was as shrewd as he was righteous. He had to be clever because he had to succeed. He became more of an opportunist than he would have cared to admit. He was obliged to compromise at times and the noble sentences that flowed fast and clear in youth were lost in a bog of qualifications. He was to learn that "the (Canadian) public remembers purple passages." He was so much misinterpreted that, in self-defence, he developed an ultra-cautious way of speaking, at times mere phrase-balancing—by which he could not be committed to anything definite. (His greatest opponent, R. B. Bennett, used a sort of bantering persiflage as a defence against unexpected questions.)

Like other perfectionists, he had his faults. He was inclined, in later years, to be sanctimonious. It is a tall order to be perfect in politics and it is not surprising that he lapsed occasionally. One action in which he fell below his usual high standard of public conduct was his dismissal of Colonel Ralston from the defence ministry during the conscription crisis of 1944.* Here, the need for overseas reinforcements should have been the only issue but personal factors entered in. Colonel Ralston, in trying to force Mr. King's pace on conscription, was, in fact, making a bid for the premiership and many Canadians would have been glad to see him get it. Mr. King appears to have seen him in the light of a dangerous rival, which indeed he was—and to have dismissed him from the Cabinet in self-defence. Immediately afterwards, he himself introduced conscription for overseas service.

It was round the last phase of Mr. King's career—from the Ralston "resignation" in 1944 to his own retirement from the premiership in November 1948—that much of the criticism centred. For instance, Mr. B. K. Sandwell wrote in the *Toronto Saturday Night*, just before Mr. King's retirement :

Nobody has disputed Mr. King's control over the (Liberal) party since he brought it to power ; nobody has successfully challenged any decision that he has made. The office of Prime Minister has become in his hands more important than it has ever been with any of his predecessors ; or rather his use of its functions has been so dexterous, so incomparably astute, that he himself became more important, more influential, more powerful, than they had been.

One of his most formidable qualities was his ability to be always right on the basis of principle—not an endearing characteristic but a strong one in a public man. The strange thing was that the unexceptionable principles so frequently dovetailed neatly into party interests. It may be that the weight of his personal authority, which

* Mr. King's side of the episode is given in the Hardy biography, Chapter VI. Colonel Ralston's side is given by Mr. Grant Dexter in his review of Mr. Hardy's book appearing in the *Winnipeg Free Press*, Dec. 31, 1949. Mr. Dexter's version was endorsed by the *Ottawa Journal* in a leader, January 7, 1950.

grew with his years in office, came eventually to occupy a disproportionate place in the machinery of government. There is no more dangerous potential autocrat than he who is unshakably convinced of his own moral superiority. The critics were doing what they felt was their duty in warning the public of the danger. Nevertheless, little evidence has yet been produced to show that, even at this stage, Mr. King strayed very far from the path of common sense. He had so long, and so sincerely, studied the democratic procedure that it had become almost second nature with him. In any case, the checks were too formidable for him to become much of an autocrat. He was obliged always to follow a policy that would satisfy both English and French Canada. Both had sensitive and vigilant publics, with widely differing criteria. He was always within range of the searchlights of the press of both sections. He was subject to the corrective influences of the Catholic and Protestant churches in general and of his own Nonconformist conscience in particular. Some English-speaking critics were, quite properly, concerned over the extent of his cumulative influence but Quebec usually recognized his impartiality and altruism. The picture of him preserved in many French-Canadian homes was that of the young man—the visionary. Whatever delusions of grandeur he may, or may not, have cherished, the motivating force remained the same at the end of his career as it had been at the beginning—his idealism. It was idealism of a practical kind; he had a deep-rooted, an inherited, sympathy with the sufferings of humanity; he had also a realistic sense of what could be done to relieve them.

During post-graduate study at the University of Chicago, he had lodged at Hull House Social Settlement and seen the work that Jane Addams and her assistants were doing to alleviate the condition of immigrants. Shortly afterwards, on a Harvard travelling fellowship, he visited Europe, spending some time in the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London. This was the period when he attended meetings of the Fabian Society and became friends with several British social workers including Ramsay MacDonald and Gertrude Toynbee. His first contact with the Laurier government, as a young man, was when he brought sweated labour on government clothing orders to the notice of the Canadian Postmaster General. He was responsible, directly or indirectly, for most of Canada's social and labour legislation.* His government were responsible for Family

* His achievements in this respect were summed up by Blair Fraser in *Maclean's Magazine*, September 1, 1950, in these words: "Take a look at the King record: Fair Wages Resolution, 1898 (to forbid sweatshop practices on government contracts; this was introduced as a result of Mackenzie King's articles in the *Toronto Mail and Empire*). Railway Disputes Act, 1903. Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, 1907. Bill to establish eight-hour day on public works, 1910 (Mr. King introduced it and it passed the Commons but the Senate killed it). Combines Investigation Act, 1922. Old Age Pension Act, 1927. Unemployment Insurance Act, 1940. It may have taken a long time, but it adds up to a lot."

Allowances in 1944—before they were introduced in Britain. He went about as far with progressive legislation as the economy of Canada would safely permit—certainly as far as the Canadian electorate, with its geographical differences, separatist tendencies and individualistic agricultural communities would allow.

King was a great conciliator. "In my public life," he said to Emil Ludwig,* "I have sought to make toleration and moderation guiding principles." He laboured to reconcile the races of Canada, to harmonize the conflicting claims of different sections of the country. His skill as an industrial mediator was unusual. During his term as Deputy Minister of Labour, he settled more than 40 labour disputes and, in subsequent years, played a part behind the scenes in settling many others. Canada's Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which he fathered, compelled investigation of a dispute and the making known of the facts before any strike or lock-out could take place. It was the first legislation in any country to provide for a compulsory "cooling-off period". The main principle of the Act was, in his own words, "investigation while work is continued, with reliance upon Public Opinion as the court of final appeal."†

In common with the majority of his fellow Canadians, he was a pacifist by instinct. (In the phrase of the *Montreal Daily Star*: "No more un-warlike a man ever lived.") Yet, when war became inevitable in 1939, he led Canada into it, within a week of its outbreak, as a united nation. This was a greater feat than it might appear. The 1914-1918 war had aroused bitter racial misunderstandings and even in 1938 some Canadians feared that the outbreak of another war in Europe might be followed by civil war in the Dominion. He preserved the country's unity in face of the fierce strains of the long conflict. This was, in his own opinion, the finest achievement of his public life. ‡

King worked for Anglo-American understanding. He worked, not only to maintain the British Commonwealth but to broaden its articles of association, so that all its member nations—India, Eire and the rest—should feel happy in the partnership. If he rejected what seemed to him exclusionist tendencies, it was because he wanted always to keep the door open for a wider grouping of nations, based not on accidents of race or language but on a common adherence to the principles of civilized conduct.

(The author, an Anglo-Canadian, is a former London Correspondent of the Winnipeg Free Press.)

* *Mackenzie King*: A Portrait Sketch by Emil Ludwig. Macmillan Company of Canada, 1944.

† He gives his formula in *Industry and Humanity*: A Study in the Principles Underlying Industrial Reconstruction by Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King. Re-issued with a new Introduction by himself in 1947. Macmillan Company of Canada.

‡ *The Times*, November 15, 1948, dispatch from Ottawa correspondent.

FROM LIBERTY TO FREEDOM

BY LYDIA SICHER

IT may seem a shocking boldness to attempt, on psychological grounds, a distinction between words that are generally accepted as synonyms. The intriguing nuances and shades of words, however, reveal far too much of the inner life of individuals and peoples not to fascinate the psychologist whose dialectic method of working brings him into continual contact with language as the living and dynamic expression of inner processes. The word, long recognized as a powerful means of hiding the truth, exercises the magic of giving away what it hopes to conceal : the inner structure of social relatedness between one individual and another, one individual and the world.

“ In the beginning was the word ”—but the word carries a message, it is spirited, meaningful ; it uncovers for him who has learned to listen for it the soundless phenomena in the depth of the human psyche.

It does not seem possible really to break down a barrier between individuals or peoples without having acquired a sharp ear and a feeling for their language since speech constitutes the means of communication on the level of culture. There is no doubt that on the purely biological plane of human existence, actions do not need to be accompanied by any verbal understanding ; all existential needs like hunger, thirst and sex can be satisfied without it. On the level of essentiality, however, where the word is fraught with meaning manifesting itself in deed, the problems of living together involved in group life, work, and love require for their solution understanding of oneself and of others, exchange of ideas, and immersion into the mental and physical resources of the world, all of which are crystallized in language. A drink from this well alone allows a broadening and, at the same time, a deepening of one's own personality.

A sensitive feeling for language is almost an indication of a delicate touch for physical phenomena. Words, as well as actions, connect the individual with the world in which his striving is the expression of his inner self. Sympathy established with another individual through ear and eye is the basis for understanding in any human relationship. It is especially valuable in the work of the medical psychologist who has to help his patient to achieve self-fulfilment.

Interest in people and interest in language appear to be so closely connected that the difficulties some people have with their speech show a very audible lack of desire to communicate with others, while a professed incapacity to master even the fundamentals of a foreign language can often be taken as a symptom of neurosis.

* * * * *

The special attention paid to differences between so-called synonyms should not be considered simply as a hobby ; it originates from a longing to penetrate the secret realms of social contact with human beings for the sole purpose of finding, in this deeper union, a way that would lead from liberty to freedom. No time in history saw less freedom or less liberty than the present. One feels almost compelled to drop the conviction that there is a great difference between these two synonyms and to admit that, after all, the desire for finding more delicate nuances is nothing but a useless play on words. Two words, however, cited in every dictionary as synonyms of freedom and liberty, unmask the seriousness of the difference : there was never a time of greater "independence", never one of greater "licence", "the latter also called licentiousness" (Webster).

Yet, never in all history were the music of these words, freedom and liberty, carried more often on the wings of the winds. Atmosphere, even stratosphere must resound with the echo of the voices screaming these words in despair, pronouncing them as a hope, or as mockery ; they ride the air full of the rattle of tortured individuals for whom death brings the liberty that life and their fellow men have denied them ; they sound from the lips of human beings in agony, as a curse, as a promise, as an ecstatic prayer that after the holocaust liberty may return and freedom be born.

But in the meantime licence has taken over, licence to enslave, to torture, to starve people, to refuse them aid in time ; all of it not the effect of freedom or liberty, but of independence, this alluring myth of independence that is not a synonym but an antonym of freedom.

That liberty can be corrupted to licence is a proof that in their inner structure these two conceptions cannot be used interchangeably. While liberty means possessing a right, licence includes the notion of taking it. The static passivity of having and the dynamic aggression of taking are different in motion and direction. Even in legal terminology a "licence" is a special permit or a distinctive privilege ; it serves its holder to pursue a private advantage. The underlying specialization of licence shows up in language ; it is "taken" or "given", it is handled like any merchandise for which a certain price has to be paid, either in money or by exchange equivalent. There is always an individualistic, egocentric connotation of it, none that would, *a priori*, lead to the inclusive conception of a second individual.

Licence "in violation of propriety" (Webster) turns into liberty's greatest enemy. The borderline is easily overstepped, since anything that can be "taken" depends for its ultimate value on the use that is made of it. Usage proves that licence belongs to the existential values, that it is a material, not a physical good. What can be "taken", can also be "taken away", its value is temporary, not permanent.

The danger of the misuse of licence, however, does not lie with the fact of its being a privilege. It starts from an educational inadequacy to awaken in the small child that social interest which alone prevents him from resenting responsibility as a burden, rather than identifying it as the birthright of personality. On the way from infancy to childhood many an individual deviates from the open road towards a sense of at-oneness with mankind into the blind alley of self-centred isolation. If this mistake remains, as so often happens, uncorrected, this mortal sin against the spirit with all its consequences, narrows the individual's world to the slender proportions that he may hope to master. And he believes "he is" what, in reality, or phantasy, "he has". In all neurotic people this confusion of "having" and "being" comes clearly to the surface. People speak of "being something" which they can only "have" or want to have—power, position, money and so on—in the belief that identification with the desired objects can transform them as persons into what their idol represents to them. They fail to recognize that the "subjectivization" of the object necessarily requires abjurement of the "I" and its relinquishment of the "it". The fear of "being a failure", the craving after "being a success", both typical experiences in neurotically distorted lives, grant personality to the deed and destroy the doer.

The confusion with regard to having and being shows in the usage of synonyms. Psychologically the difference has far greater importance than linguistically: one *has* liberty, but one *is* free.

Any possession, however, is outside the individual, vital as the possession may be. It is never inseparably connected with the "I" of the individual, it is never an integral component of the personality. This makes what one can have as mortal as the body itself. It is fugitive, not eternal. And it can only be a means, a tool, never an aim. Liberty as an aim is as worthless as money as an aim—or power, health or peace. Liberty as a means is a potentiality that can be used to accomplish values which do not lie on the existential plane, like liberty itself, but on the essential one. Liberty, like any other object that can be possessed, can also be lost. It can be given, it can be fought for, it can be taken away, or thrown away and it can even be bought.

That liberty as such is nothing but the indication of a physical,

not of a psychic, state is shown by the use that can be made of the "exemption from slavery, bondage, imprisonment and control of another" (Webster)—as in the case of the killer who has never been detected, the crook who always manages to just keep out of jail, the alcoholic, the whole legion of neurotic people who are physically without restraint, yet tied to their wrong ideas, their wrong aims. The psychical slavery of the individual, who is physically at liberty, is the work of the individual himself. Afraid of being enslaved by obligations, the socially ill-adjusted person prefers the shield of his fictitious personal value, to making himself of use in the world. The neurotic struggles for self-aggrandizement to the detriment of inner growth while maintaining an unfulfilled duty towards himself. Here again, liberty has been chosen, and freedom sacrificed.

In contrast to liberty, freedom is not a physical coincidence but an inner process. It belongs therefore not to the existential, but to the essential values and, as such, is the creation of the individual within himself; not as a result of having liberty, but even in spite of imprisonment and fetters. One can be free in a concentration camp; one can have all the liberty in the world and be a slave. Freedom means disenthralment from oneself, from self-centred bondage; it means the courage to face oneself in all one's imperfections, and the courage to carry on, in spite of them; the courage to improve and to fill one's place in the world, and "the status of the will as an uncaused cause of human choice" (Webster).

The freedom to choose is, doubtless, mankind's greatest potentiality: to be able to choose liberty instead of bondage, the most precious inherent quality of the "I". That there are so many people on this earth who are or would be willing to let liberty ride and to choose more primitive values is a sign how little freedom has been achieved, how much social ill-adjustment is still ruining the world. To be free, one has to choose to tear down one's inner barriers, one's narrowness, one's fears for one's own personal value, one has to choose a life within the world, not a reduction of the world to one's own insignificance. The identification with the object, then, becomes meaningless, because the object is no longer chosen according to the increase of personal value that could be derived from it; what is aspired towards is integration, which is not a thing in itself, since to suppose it were would be as much of a verbal absurdity as to conceive of goodness or badness in a vacuum. There is no such thing as personal integration on a desert island or in thin air. Integration is the harmonious concord of the whole individual together with the extra-personal entirety of the world. As tone and overtone are dependent upon each other, the individual and the world in which he moves, choosing, working, loving, creating, are an inseparable unit.

This, however, makes independence an antonym of freedom. In this sense of the word, independence stands for being alone, thrown on to oneself and, as with liberty, it excludes physical and psychical inter-connection. Independence, as the slogan of our time, has led us to the present ordeal. The isolation of every neurotic personality, multiplied a million times in numbers of people afflicted with the psychical and social aberration of "separatedness" has built up the fiction that life can be lived independently of this earth. As long as a neurotic style of life strangled the development of the person into a personality, isolation can be understood, from the fear of the individual that in contact with the world his own worthlessness could be discovered, or that he could be deprived of one of the "have" possessions that in his opinion bestow upon him, and him alone, the grandeur with which he identifies himself. To preserve the fiction of one's own value, the world has to be sacrificed to personal vanity. Without awareness of the consequences of such a mistake people and peoples sought to protect their liberty by independence—and were engulfed in the yawning abyss, which they had overlooked, beneath their feet.

Again, the error seems to originate in the confusion of having and being. To have independence is to grasp the air. To be independent means to rely upon oneself. Self-reliance is no possession, it is the inner creation of the person, and necessary and fundamental for the unfolding of the bud freedom into full bloom. Only the self-reliant person dares to entrust himself to life, he does not fear failures and he does not crave success. He seeks self-fulfilment which only can be achieved together with others and in interdependence.

* * * * *

Had the world not been inebriated with the lust of misunderstood words, it would not be now in chains. The tragedy of man is largely based on the belief that words alone can solve the problem, that they are identical with the deed. But words will not make the discord of the present day into harmony. One can liberate people by giving them liberty, one cannot give them freedom. This everyone has to achieve for himself, in the individual soul as well as in the mass-soul.

Alas, too many birds of ill omen are flying about; their dark wings obscuring the sun of hope and desire. Far too few people have learned to choose anything but themselves. Far too many have not even started to tear down their inner chains, their prejudices which are a sign of their fears, their superstitious belief in power, whatever power involves and in whatever form it presents itself to them. In their minds liberation does not mean liberty for the world, it does not entail any conception that the world has a claim on everyone that lives in it to make himself free in order to help others to become free.

Until the human race frees itself from wrong beliefs in personal power, narrowness of soul and our enslavement by prejudices bred from our own sense of inferiority, we shall have to pay more and more blood money.

This is the price for claiming independence, for wanting liberty at the expense of the liberty of others ; for the failure to recognize that liberty alone has not an inner value ; too many who have it on a physical plane are content with it and fool themselves into the conviction of being free. No one is free who has not even started to fulfil himself, who has not even begun to seek his integration into the world, who has not learned to be independent in order to serve and accomplish inter-dependence.

This problem is of vital importance since on its solution depends the future of the world. That it is an educational and re-educational problem does not make it easier. As long as individual and people are willing to pay *Danegeld*, they will find out over and over again that " the end of that game is oppression and shame " and that the individual " and the nation that plays it, is lost."

The sword will not ultimately save the world from slavery, nor can any other material means protect liberty from being taken away ; only the spirit of free people can create a world at peace.

(Dr. Lydia Sicher is a medical psychologist writing from America where she practises.)

WHERE ANIMALS RULE MEN

BY WILLARD PRICE

WE think of men as dominating animals and plants ; but in some parts of the world animals and plants exercise considerable domination over man. This is true especially among primitive peoples.

How the life of the savage is influenced by his fauna and flora is illustrated graphically on the grim, rain-soaked island of Ponape in the western Pacific. Where there is much rain there is much vegetation, and where there are many growing things there are many eating things. In rank, dank Ponape, animal life is vigorous. There are no dangerous four-footed animals—they have never been able to get there from the mainland. But it would perhaps be easier for an airman dropping into the interior of Ponape to defend himself against an occasional tiger than against the myriad of small barbed stinging things he would encounter. The worse they are the more honour the native pays them, regarding them as semi-divine beings that must be propitiated with offerings and spoken of with the greatest respect.

There is the lowly centipede. It is common in the thatch and under the reed-grass flooring of the huts, and it can inflict a painful bite. The Ponapeans have a name for it that they think but do not speak. This is because of some forgotten religious taboo. Just as the Japanese would not call their Emperor by his name, Hirohito, so the Ponapean must never use the actual name of certain sacred animals. Evasive polite names are substituted. The centipede is supposed to be inhabited by a spirit that will be deeply offended and retaliate with a severe nip if you fail to use the proper ceremonial titles. And the peculiar thing about these titles is that it is thought more respectful to give the centipede a different name by day and by night. During daylight you must not fail to call it *Man-en-ran*, The Creature of the Day, and after dark it should be referred to as *Man-en-pong*, The Creature of the Night.

The native goes to a lot of trouble to mollify the animal gods. Time-consuming rites are necessary to keep peace with the vicious spirit that is supposed to reside in the macho, a particularly unpleasant green eel. It is quite as much at home in the air as in the water. It

may be encountered by anyone wading through the salt-water marshes that belt the island of Ponape. When it does not find what it wants under the surface, it climbs a mangrove tree and waits to pounce upon any prey passing below. While we were in Ponape a man bitten by a macho was brought to the hospital. He died after two days. The doctors were sure they could have saved him if it had not been for his superstitious belief that anyone bitten by the macho must die. The belief has a curious origin. Long ago a cruel chief murdered his wife and children. His neighbours drove him into a swamp where he escaped by changing into an eel. This, according to the native legend, was the origin of the deadly macho. Just as the murderous chief killed anyone who offended him, his reincarnation is thought deadly. Non-believers can be bitten by the macho and live.

There is another savage eel to be found in fresh water. It sometimes attacks persons fording or bathing in the mountain streams. Here again, the real name, *it*, is taboo and the animal is addressed by the more respectful name, Kamichik, The Terrible One. On the Kiti uplands, 3,000 feet above the sea, there is a lake filled with this writhing death. Christian natives of Mortlock identify this eel as the serpent of the Garden of Eden.

Almost universally anything snake-like has always been much dreaded, and sometimes devoutly worshipped. Serpents are imagined, in many eastern countries, to have magical curative powers. We saw a farm boy in Japan bringing home two snakes to his mother as a cure for her pleurisy; and in Korea we saw snakes brewed for sufferers from tuberculosis.

The lizard is lord of many quaking hearts for he is the abode of the devil. The Ponape natives spend much effort trying to please the evil one in the savage, red-spotted black lizard known as *kieil*. And it would seem most unfortunate that the god of carpentry should choose to live in a mean tree-lizard, so that if a man wishes to build a house or a canoe he must first seek out this animal, no matter how hard to find, and pray for success. Otherwise he fears that the lizard-god will come in the night and destroy what he has done during the day.

There is an alligator-like skink that haunts burying grounds and feeds upon corpses—which distresses the natives, not because the bodies have been eaten, but because the spirits of the dead men will be angry and will return to avenge themselves upon their relatives.

A prickly green lizard called *man-tau-och*, meaning "animal-go-up-ivory-palm-tree," possesses an uncanny ability, it is said, of making any man who climbs this lofty tree become dizzy and fall. So a native will not go up a tree in which this animal is seen.

Birds also control man. On the primitive island of Yap, in the

Pelew group, the native will obey certain signs that he reads in the notions of the albatross. This bird is supposed to be a warning god. He will go miles around to avoid coming near the orra, a black nocturnal bird supposed to be the god of death and disease.

In the not distant Philippine island of Mindanao the limokon is a bird of prophecy. If you hear its cry on your right, you may go on ; if on your left, you must turn back or your trip will lead to disaster. On a jungle journey of great importance I was much provoked when my guides stubbornly refused to proceed when they heard the voice of this winged oracle. There was nothing that could be done about it ; the limokon had spoken. We turned back. How seriously this superstition interferes with the normal life of the forest folk can easily be imagined.

We perhaps think of superstitions as harmless notions—such as our reluctance to go under a ladder—fancies that really make little difference. They are more than that to the primitive. They are the ruling force in his life. They can easily spell death. For example, in Sumatra a tiger was allowed to ravage a village at will, killing many people, because it was supposed to be the walking home of not one but many spirits that would wreak terrible vengeance if the tiger were molested. Finally it was necessary to kill it, but only with elaborate ceremonies during which the villagers humbly asked the tiger's pardon. The skin was preserved as a fetish.

The denizens of the sea extend their dominion over the human beings on the shore. The shark is a god and must be obeyed. The blue starfish, say the Ponape folk, will bring rain if it is plucked out of the lagoon—and that would be a pity since Ponape already gets more rain than it wants. If an expectant mother eats a certain spotted fish, the baby will be spotted.

The coral shelves of the Ponape lagoon are the home of The Favourite Wife of the Flame Tree, as the sea-slug is respectfully called. The variety found here is able to sting the flesh with its feelers and eject a poison that will cause blindness. This is one source of *bêche-de-mer*, a dainty much prized by the Chinese.

Yap fishermen stand in awe of the god of the sea. They do not dare go forth until they have made a proper offering to the god. They send out one fisherman who catches a single fish and brings it back to the All Men House, which projects into the lagoon. We stood on the platform of the All Men House one morning and watched the ceremony. The one fish was cut into eighteen pieces, for eighteen men were to go fishing. Then the eighteen men lined up at the edge of the platform and each threw his bit of fish far out into the lagoon. The idea is that if the first fish is eaten, the god will consider the fishermen greedy and will give them no more. But if the fish is returned to him, he will be generous.

The superstitions of fishing interfere decidedly with normal life. During the special fishing season of six to eight weeks, the fisherman must stay in the All Men House, rather than in his own hut. He dare not go home under any pretext. He must not so much as look at his wife ; if he does it is believed that a flying fish will bore out his eyes. If she brings him food she must stand with her back to the club house. He may then come out, stand with his back to her, and receive the gift. But if they so much as touch fingers, the sea-god will wrathfully upset his canoe.

Perhaps the most feared aquatic divinity is the sting ray. Its real name in Ponape is *Pae*, but that must not be spoken. It is referred to reverentially as "Queen of the Sea Bottom". The queen, as becomes royalty, does not exert herself unduly. She lies passively on the bottom and waits for her dinner to be served. She is protected by a bared bayonet projecting upward from her tail—and if a wading native steps on this poisonous saw-toothed blade, the outcome may very easily be fatal. The natives' superstitious dread of the sting ray is so great that the Yap wizard can capitalize on it and use it in his eerie business. He makes a wand of the vicious spine. By waving it in the air while chanting an incantation, he can either curse or cure. If you wish your neighbour to die you have but to pay the wizard's fee and he will wave the doomed man to death. If he does not obligingly die, the wizard will supplement his magic arts with something less magical and more effective—possibly the ministration of a little poison, or the placing of another sting ray, point up, in the victim's bed where he may roll upon it in his sleep. On the other hand, if you are ill, and have the necessary fee, the *machamach*, as the wizard is called, will wave a sting-ray wand and cure you. If you are not cured you will not dare admit it.

So the gods of the sea govern men. But the gods of the soil also have a good deal to say. So much, in fact, that they are largely responsible for the slow march toward extinction of the Yap native. In the midst of plenty, the Yap farmer suffers from malnutrition—because of superstition. A Yap chief gave us some breakfast. "Won't you eat with us ?" I asked. "We never eat in the morning," he replied. "Not until noon ?" "Not until night," he corrected me. The reason is that if the farmer goes out to his farm with a full stomach the god of the soil will know that mankind cultivates plants only to devour them. To keep this a secret, a man must eat nothing till night. Then, fatigued, he often eats too much and suffers from indigestion. The high Yap mortality is credited partly to this abuse.

An offering of fruit is made to the god of the fields by the Bagobos of Mindanao. When sowing seed a clapper is kept sounding to please the god.

Not only the dirt but the stones have their jealous gods. On Yap

possibly the strangest money in the world is used—stone coins varying from six inches to twelve feet in diameter. These coins have their value because they are believed to be the incarnation of a god who will be angry if modern money is used. It is rather startling to see a villager struggling down to the store under a thirty-pound piece of rock to buy a can of tobacco. There is, of course, no easy flexibility of trade with such currency. Nor are these stones unique in being considered divine. Many spirits make their homes in rocks.

Trees, too, are the homes of vengeful spirits, and the plantation owner is much hampered in his work by many taboos. Before cutting down a tree, he must give the spirits several days' warning so that they may move to some other tree. Americans complained because the "scorched earth policy" was not applied to the rubber plantations of Malaya and Sumatra during the Japanese advance. If native workmen had been ordered to cut down the rubber trees they would probably have refused—for the process would have made homeless vast numbers of spirits who would then have sought revenge.

When Micronesians were commanded by the Japanese to cut down a tree they whispered a little prayer in which they informed the spirits that the Japanese were to blame. The Mandelings of Sumatra, in the same way, used to throw blame on the Dutch Controller, saying: "Spirit who lodgest in this tree, take it not ill that I cut down thy dwelling, for it is done at no wish of mine, but by order of the Controller."

The savage's taboos regarding food are often amusing to the stranger, but very serious to him. We offered a Yap chief some choice bananas. "I cannot eat them," he said. "My wife is going to have a child." The expectant father may not eat bananas or turtle meat; or coconuts if they have fallen from the tree. If he violates these rules, the child will be stillborn.

Magical objects must be made of the right material, otherwise they have no potency. If you see a long comb projecting from the hair of a Yap islander, you know that he is one of the nobles. But the comb must be made of mangrove; there would be no nobility in any other wood. The necklace that shows a girl is of marriageable age must be of the lemon hibiscus. A palm leaf placed over a man's door when he leaves home will deter any thief from entering. A palm leaf put around one's wife will make her taboo to other men. No other leaf will do.

The god of the coconut is a stern dictator. He forbids that the proud Yap coconut should be made a common thing, violated by any person who chances to be hungry or thirsty. It must be reserved for one person alone, so each member of a Yap family has his own trees. When a child is born, two or three trees are assigned to it—hence-

forth no one else may eat the fruit of those trees. If there is too much for the child, the rest must rot.

It is so also with taro ; each person has his own potato patch. If mine yields heavily and yours not at all, I throw taro away while you starve. Harsh is the rule of the plant gods. With the land split up into tiny individual sections, some cultivated and some neglected, an efficient agriculture is impossible. And a balanced diet is out of the question.

Taboos make woman's work hard. Suppose a Yap housewife has six persons in her family. She must collect the taro or coconut for each person from his own bit of land, keep them separate, cook each lot in a separate pot over a separate fire. The spectacle of a woman running about her yard keeping six fires going under six pots is a sight to remember. If the owner of a given plot of land dies, the land must be abandoned for one year. Nuts drop from the trees and rot. They must not be touched. They will be needed by the spirit of the departed until he gets his plantations going in the land above the sky. If they are stolen he will go hungry and will inflict terrible punishment upon the living.

Fear. Fear. Fear. Fear is the constant refrain of savage life. Dread of the gods of sun and moon, of wind and sea, of rock and soil, and particularly of man's closest and best neighbours, the animals and plants. Rousseau depicted the "son of nature" as free and happy. How many "sons of nature" had he personally encountered? The savage does not understand his surroundings. To be ignorant is to be afraid. Animism, which places a malicious spirit in every growing thing, is man's first effort to explain nature. When man learns, animism fades, science takes its place. As his scientific knowledge grows, so grows his realization that nature is his friend.

MR. ELIOT'S COCKTAIL PARTY

BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY

NOT unfairly *The Cocktail Party* calls itself a comedy, but its theme is the unusual one of salvation. Its relation to Mr. Eliot's previous play, *The Family Reunion*, which could hardly be called a comedy, is also unusually intimate. In this essay, I propose to consider this relation.

The dramatic theme of *The Family Reunion* is the progressive liberation of a man from "the awful privacy of the insane mind." It is never clearly revealed in the play whether Harry's belief that he has murdered his wife is, or is not a delusion. What is revealed is that the cause of his misery lies in the distant past, in the loveless relation between his father and mother, from which his father had sought release in love of his mother's sister, Harry's aunt, Agatha. He had, rather naïvely, plotted to kill his cold and dominating wife. And it is powerfully suggested that this murderous impulse of Harry's father towards his wife is repeated, more terribly, in his son, who is thus under a 'curse'. To my sense this introduces a perplexing and unsatisfactory element into the play. I am never sure whether the 'curse' is conceived as a real power of evil; therefore I am never sure whether Harry is truly liberated from it. It seems to me that this perplexing element in the play derives from Mr. Eliot's intention to re-enact part of the theme of the Oresteia in a modern setting. There is an element in the Greek dramatic myth which cannot be reconciled with a fundamentally Christian scheme of salvation.

Nevertheless, if we imaginatively eliminate from *The Family Reunion* this perplexing suggestion of an hereditary curse, and read it as the drama of the emancipation of a son from the devastation wrought in him by the loveless relation between a weak but kindly husband and a self-righteous and dominating wife, by means of the continuing and purified love of his father's sister, it becomes not only moving but convincing too. We can believe alike in the condition of awful isolation in which Harry is imprisoned, and the reality of his liberation from it.

In *The Cocktail Party*, the theme is again salvation; but now the subjects of salvation, Edward, Lavinia and Celia, do not suffer under a 'curse'—at any rate, not one that is mysterious, questionable and

ultimately incomprehensible. The cause of their misery is not in the distant past, like Harry's, neither do they labour, like him, under any dreadful delusion. Their condition is ordinary. In consequence there is no need of oracular utterance in the play : there are no mysteries to conceal or reveal. This is, no doubt, the chief reason why *The Cocktail Party*, as compared to *The Family Reunion*, has achieved a great and deserved success with the general public. It is, from first to last, eminently credible. Even the paradox by which the at first sight futile but richly comic Julia and Alex are subsequently revealed as confederates with Reilly in the work of salvation strains our credulity only enough to make us meditate its significance.

At the same time, when we come to essentials, the relation between the two plays is seen to be close indeed.

The affinity between Celia's process of salvation and Harry's is evident, and the relation between her previous state of mind and his obvious. If we abate what is extraordinary in Harry's condition and consider it as one which might, without straining, be universalized, we have more or less exactly Celia's condition.

Celia : No . . . it isn't that I *want* to be alone,
But that everyone's alone—or so it seems to me.
They make noises, and think they are talking to each other ;
They make faces, and think they understand each other.
And I'm sure that they don't. Is that a delusion ?

Reilly : A delusion is something we must return from.
There are other states of mind, which we take to be delusion,
But which we have to accept and go on from.

Celia's condition is awareness of isolation, and a sense of sin—not for anything she had done—

But of emptiness, of failure
Towards someone, or something, outside of myself ;
And I feel I must . . . *atone*—is that the word ?

That is, in essence, Harry's condition at his moment of enlightenment. But Celia has also an affinity with Agatha. She has had a love-affair with Edward, which she does not repent, and which she describes in retrospect very much as Agatha describes her love for Harry's father. Celia says :

I haven't hurt *her*.
I wasn't taking anything away from her—
Anything she wanted.

which is almost identical with Agatha's words to Amy : " What did I take ? Nothing that you ever had." And Celia's description of her experience of love :

I have thought at moments that the ecstasy is real
Although those who experience it may have no reality.
For what happened is remembered like a dream
In which one is exalted by intensity of loving

In the spirit, a vibration of delight
 Without desire, for desire is fulfilled
 In the delight of loving . . .

reminds one of Agatha's: "There are hours when there seems to be no past or future . . ." The affinity between Celia and Agatha is perhaps not to be stressed, but it is sufficiently marked to warrant the suggestion that Celia is, in some sort, a combination of Harry and Agatha: a combination which is natural enough, for the spiritual relation between Harry and Agatha is intimate indeed.

But in *The Cocktail Party* the guidance which in *The Family Reunion* arises as it were spontaneously between Agatha and Harry, or rather comes to them:

Oh, mother,

This is not to do with Agatha, any more than with the rest of you.

My advice has come from quite a different quarter,

is objectified in Reilly's advice to Celia. This makes for more explicit dramatic action; it is also necessary in so far as Agatha and Harry are combined in Celia. The dialogue between Harry and Agatha would have to be soliloquy in Celia, were it not for the creation of Reilly. And Reilly has something more to say than is said, or hinted at, in the dialogue between Harry and Agatha. There is now a second possibility other than the life of expiation and dedication. Reilly says to Celia:

If that is what you wish

I can reconcile you to the human condition,
 The condition to which some who have gone as far as you
 Have succeeded in returning. They may remember
 The vision they have had, but they cease to regret it,
 Maintain themselves by the common routine,
 Learn to avoid excessive expectation,
 Become tolerant of themselves and others,
 Giving and taking, in the usual actions
 What there is to give and take. They do not repine;
 Are contented with the morning that separates
 And with the evening that brings together
 For casual talk before the fire
 Two people who know they do not understand each other,
 Breeding children whom they do not understand
 And who will never understand them.

Celia: Is that the best life?

Reilly: It is a good life. Though you will not know how good
 Till you come to the end. But you will want nothing else,
 And the other life will be only like a book
 You have read once, and lost. In a world of lunacy,
 Violence, stupidity, greed . . . it is a good life.

But Celia clings to her vision, and rejects, not without regret, the good life that Reilly offers.

I feel it would be a kind of surrender—
 No, not a surrender—more like a betrayal.

You see, I think I really had a vision of something
 Though I don't know what it is. I don't want to forget it . . .
 I couldn't give anyone the kind of love—
 I wish I could—which belongs to that life.

So Celia chooses the second way, which Reilly describes to her.

The second is unknown, and so requires faith—
 The kind of faith that issues from despair.
 The destination cannot be described ;
 You will know very little until you get there ;
 You will journey blind. But the way leads towards possession
 Of what you have sought for in the wrong place.

That pilgrimage is indistinguishable from Harry's ; and Celia's actual destiny is a factual and painful fulfilment of Harry's conjecture.

Somewhere on the other side of despair.
 To the worship in the desert, the thirst and deprivation,
 A stony sanctuary and a primitive altar, . . .
 A care over lives of humble people,
 The lesson of ignorance, of incurable diseases.
 Such things are possible.

The difference, if difference there is, between Celia and Harry—abating the Orestean pattern, which is irrelevant when we are considering the poet's doctrine of salvation—lies in the fact that the vision to which Celia clings is a vision vouchsafed to her in the illumination of love. Although it is not certain that Harry's vision was of this kind, there is some evidence to suggest that it was. For it is central to the drama of *The Family Reunion*, as I read it, that liberation comes to Harry through Agatha's love and his recognition of it, both as a fact in the past and an illumination in the present. That is the purport of his cry to Agatha :

And what did not happen is as true as what did happen
 O my dear, and you walked through the little door
 And I ran to meet you in the rose-garden.

The rose-garden is the symbol of the same ecstasy of love which Celia describes, when

what happened is remembered like a dream
 In which one is exalted by intensity of loving
 In the spirit, a vibration of delight
 Without desire, for desire is fulfilled
 In the delight of loving.

Agatha, with Harry's father, "only looked through the little door when the sun was shining on the rose garden." But when she has told her secret to Harry she "walks through the little door" and he "runs to meet her in the rose-garden." I do not think it is pressing the poet's symbolism too hard to interpret passing through the little door as the attainment of love beyond desire, and looking through it only as the vision of love as it comes to one entangled in desire. Agatha's love for Harry and Harry's response to it are an instantaneous and eternal passing through the little door.

I would surmise, too, that Harry's "running to meet Agatha in

the rose-garden " is the experience he describes at the moment of its happening in the words :

Look, I do not know why,
I feel happy for a moment, as if I had come home.
It is quite irrational, but now
I feel quite happy, as if happiness
Did not consist in getting what one wanted
Or in getting rid of what can't be got rid of
But in a different vision. This is like an end.

Or, if the experiences are not identical, they are complementary. There is, therefore, some solid ground for supposing that Celia's experience is, at the spiritual level, indistinguishable from Harry's.

What is new, in the scheme of salvation in *The Cocktail Party* as compared with *The Family Reunion*, is Reilly's insistence that there are two ways. The possibility of a return to ordinary life with " a different vision " is not even faintly indicated in *The Family Reunion*. There the ordinary life, as presented in Harry's other aunts, his uncles, and his brothers appears to be one of stupid mechanism. The vista opened in *The Cocktail Party* is new, though it is not new in the history of mysticism, in which the mysticism of descent as distinguished from the mysticism of ascent has always had an honourable place. Reilly is true to the tradition when he answers Celia's question : " Which way is better ? "

Reilly : Neither way is better.

Both ways are necessary. It is also necessary

To make a choice between them.

The absorbing interest of *The Cocktail Party* and that which to my mind makes it the more significant play is that the possibility of the transvaluation and transformation of the ordinary becomes the main theme : it is not merely suggested but dramatically demonstrated in Edward and Lavinia. I think the doctrine itself is truer, or at any rate more comprehensive, and I think the drama gains greatly in power—even in the power to affect " our deeper organization "—because there is no penumbra of spiritual uncertainty to perplex. *The Cocktail Party* is a very fine play indeed.

On one point it leaves me, not indeed perplexed, but questioning. I accept the necessity of choice between the way of renunciation and the way of acceptance ; and I can believe that this is *the* spiritual decision. What I am doubtful about is the doctrine of human love which is somewhat more than implied in *The Cocktail Party*. The love of Celia and Edward was a self-deception.

And then I found we were only strangers
And that there had been neither giving nor taking
But that we had merely made use of each other
Each for his purpose. That's horrible.

The discovery is humanly true, and no doubt frequent. But can it be universalized as the inevitable and inexorable destiny of lovers ?

That Celia is tempted to universalize it is natural enough in her moment of disillusion.

Can we only love
Something created by our own imagination ?
Are we all in fact unloving and unlovable ?

But Reilly himself appears to accept this. The best of love between a man and a woman, along the way of acceptance, is that

They do not repine ;
Are contented with the morning that separates
And with the evening that brings together
For casual talk beside the fire
Two people who know they do not understand each other.
Breeding children whom they do not understand
And who will never understand them.

Call it tolerant affection. Either that or the impersonal ecstasy described by Celia, which makes her think at moments

that the ecstasy is real
Although those who experience it may have no reality . . .
But what, or whom I loved
Or what in me was loving, I do not know.

If there is love, there are no persons ; if there are persons, there is no love. Such appears to be the doctrine. There is plenty of high authority behind it—in fact an august and venerable tradition. And yet I do not believe it to be true. Often, terribly often, apparently true : a doctrine that fits the facts of experience in nine cases out of ten, or 99 out of a hundred. But for all that not universally true, either factually or metaphysically. To make the best of a bad job, by accepting the fact that we are all unloving and unlovable is not the best thing that may happen to those who do not choose the way of renunciation, or the best they can achieve. They can learn to love each other as persons ; and become lovable in the process, which has its own discipline of renunciation. The process is described in some words of Katherine Mansfield's :

For a long time she said she did not want to change anything in him, and she meant it. Yet she hated things in him and wished they were otherwise. Then she said that she did not want to change anything in him and she meant it. And the dark things that she had hated she now regarded with indifference. Then she said that she did not want to change anything in him. But now she loved him so that even the dark things she loved, too. She wished them there ; she was not indifferent. Still they were dark and strange but she loved them. And it was for this that they had been waiting. They changed. They shed their darkness—the curse was lifted and they shone forth as Royal Princes once more, as creatures of light.

I believe that also is a real possibility between lovers. There is not much room for it in Mr. Eliot's doctrine of love.

However that may be, it is immaterial to the value of *The Cocktail Party*. That seems to me definitely superior to that of *The Family Reunion*, for two main reasons : first, that the scheme of salvation

is satisfying and universal, and second, because (in consequence of this) the dramatic action is unconfused. Both plays have for their theme the necessity of salvation ; but whereas in *The Cocktail Party* what we are to be saved from is clear, in *The Family Reunion* it is not. The eventually liberated souls in *The Cocktail Party* recognizably belong to the human condition : they are such as you or I. But Harry under the curse is not. His condition is extraordinary. That, it seems, would not matter if his extraordinary situation could be felt to be truly symbolic of the human situation at large ; as it might be if he had not been persuaded that he had murdered his wife.

It is not easy to be sure of one's own judgment in such matters. To say that such a condition as Harry's *cannot* be symbolic of the human condition is obviously excessive. The inexplicable and mysterious sense of implication and responsibility for "the giant agony of the world" which comes to us all, in moments of awareness, may be symbolized by an extreme private agony such as Harry's : it is obviously not impossible. The problem is really one of the dramatic adequacy or plausibility of symbolism. This is, I think, what Goethe was pondering when he wrote :

There is a great difference between a poet who seeks the particular for the sake of the universal and one who seeks the universal in the particular. The former method breeds Allegory, where the particular is used only as an example, an instance, of the universal ; but the latter is the true method of poetry. It expresses a particular without a thought of or a reference to the universal. But whoever has a living grasp of this particular, grasps the universal with it, knowing it either not at all, or only long afterwards.

In these terms, the difficulty of *The Family Reunion* arises from the difficulty of getting such a living grasp of the particular who is Harry. A condition of mind in which a man verily does not know whether he murdered his wife or not, or for what cause, is impossible for us to enter, to feel as though it were our own. It is insanity, not only in the legal, but in a deeper sense. And the suggestion that this insanity is explicable and 'curable' by the victim's knowledge that his father had meditated murdering *his* wife is spiritually confusing. It recalls the appeal of Baudelaire.

La ville fourmille de monstres innocents . . . O Créateur ! peut-il exister des monstres aux de celui-là qui sait pourquoi ils existent, comment ils se sont faits et comment ils auraient pu ne pas se faire ?

It is as though the poet claimed to know, and to reveal, the genesis of criminal lunacy. This is inordinate ; and my mind baulks at the causal connection he suggests. The extremity of Harry's condition is not explained by the origin of wretchedness he discovers. Neither can we believe that he believes it is. He remains the innocent victim, even the innocent monster. What is revealed to him explains why he should be miserable and in exile, but not why he should have been mad, or a murderer.

But it may be said : why distinguish ? Harry's sense of isolation and exile is itself a suffering endured by an innocent victim. Screwing it up to the pitch of madness and murder does not alter this ; it intensifies the suffering but it does not make the lesser suffering deserved. The answer is, surely, that isolation and exile *is* the common human condition. To become aware is to become aware precisely of this. And even though Harry's wretchedness had a particular origin, it is nevertheless to this extent aptly symbolic of the state of man, just as Agatha's love is symbolic of the means of man's deliverance. But the further condition of madness and murder is not symbolic, in the same way : neither can it be made symbolic by suggesting it is causally linked with a father's desire to murder.

Again, it may be said, this is the mystery of Evil. Then let it remain a mystery. As Mr. Eliot himself has said : "The mystery of Iniquity is a pit too deep for mortal eyes to plumb." The poet made a mistake in offering a half-explanation, which is no explanation. If the cause why Harry murdered, or believed he had murdered, an apparently unoffending wife, was that his father had meditated murdering an offending one, and this causal connection due to the operation of inflexible laws, "unalterable in the nature of music," we can only say that the music is no music to our ear. The laws of Argos and England refuse to be reconciled. Something has come between.

Anyhow, there is no such radical perplexity to disturb and confuse one's reaction to *The Cocktail Party*. In it the drama seems to arise directly out of the scheme of salvation and the new recognition that there are two ways of salvation is not only spiritually true, but it makes possible a dramatic contrast which is finally convincing as well as immediately effective. Compared with it, the contrast in *The Family Reunion* between Harry and Agatha and Mary on the one side, and Harry's aunts and uncles and brothers on the other seems artificial and strained, so that we seem to be offered a truly desperate choice between complete renunciation and complete idiocy. But in *The Cocktail Party* the double contrast between Celia on the one hand and Edward and Lavinia on the other, and between Edward and Lavinia in their former and in their latter condition, is at once illuminating and satisfying. The drama that has been unfolded is recognizably within the limits of the human condition ; and it is the more dramatic for that. *The Cocktail Party* represents as great an advance on *The Family Reunion* as *The Family Reunion* did on *Murder in The Cathedral*. Considering how original *Murder in the Cathedral* was, that is saying a very great deal.

DRAWING CLOSER

BY JOHN HARTCUP

Rustle of brittle leaves, presage of winter's coming,
And hearth, once more, takes on its ancient meaning
As we draw closer. Perhaps we see things clearer
On these winter evenings ; when the wind whines
And the tiles chatter, the loose latch frightens.

Imagination grows with strange association
And sterile winter, breathing more poignant spring,
Makes drip of icicle seem more urgent.
The would-be-kissed, drifting toward the mistletoe,
Recalls the bee's embrace of nectar-laden flower.

The frail form of a rouged-cheeked dowager
Likens the slender shape of rose incarnadine,
Whose petalled cheeks tell of a menace passed,
For they are moistened from the last grey strands
Plucked from the white cloud of her hair.

The mice scurry in the wainscot, while the cat yawns.
We think of storms and pray for men in small boats.
But like a wasteful human the cat leaves its fish ;
And we heap more coal on the fire to sense contentment ;
Sweat of cramped miners dries in our understanding.

Like children we would wish to feel we held,
Within our empty shells, the ocean's might and moan ;
But we are quite alone and drawing closer
To the long, much feared, predictable :
The barren garden just behind the curtain.

WARRINGTON AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY MOVEMENT

BY GEORGE A. CARTER

THE year 1848 has been described as a year of revolution, and the foundation then of the first rate-supported public library in this country is but one tiny event among the many revolutionary changes that were taking place. Social problems, created by the rapid growth of industrial towns, had become acute. The hurried measures effected to combat the disastrous outbreak of Asiatic cholera in 1831-1832, for example, were felt to be inadequate for preventing further outbreaks, with the result that a long struggle took place in both Houses of Parliament between 1838 and 1848 over the steps necessary to deal with the sanitary and housing conditions largely responsible for periodic epidemics. And although the Public Health Act of 1848 was only the beginning of modern sanitary legislation, it was also a sign that the public conscience was slowly being stirred into the realization that far reaching reforms were necessary to solve the terrible problems created by the new social conditions.

Poets, philosophers and political agitators, like Wordsworth, Cobbett and Carlyle, had noted and deplored the decline in the general quality of life, and the slow stirring of the public conscience resulted in the grudging acquiescence of successive parliaments to the expenditure of small sums of public money, both nationally and locally, on such public amenities as schools, public parks, public baths, museums and public libraries. Thus towns adopting the Museums Act of 1845 were permitted to expend a rate of a halfpenny in the £ on the establishment of museums for the instruction and amusement of the inhabitants of those towns, and the Public Libraries Act of 1850 permitted the expenditure of the same amount on libraries. These Acts were not passed without considerable opposition, which arose largely from a fear of allowing towns to spend public money. There were other causes. Doubts still existed as to whether the public ought to be instructed and amused. A character in Sheridan's eighteenth century comedy *The Rivals* had described a circulating library in a town as "an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge." Sixty-five years later, in 1840, when the Warrington Mechanics' Institution held an art exhibition, a man whose patronage had been sought refused his support because the exhibition was an attempt to

diffuse knowledge, and he warned the Institute not to hold the candle to the devil lest he blow it out. Another man also disclaimed acquaintance with the sponsors because, as he said, "the Mechanics' Institution makes everybody infidels."

It is surprising, therefore, that Warrington should have been the first town in Great Britain to levy a rate for the purpose of establishing a public library, and when it is realized that this was done two years before the first Public Libraries Act had passed the Commons in 1850, the event becomes astonishing. It would be easy to ascribe to the founders of the Warrington Municipal Library an altruism which subsequent events do not justify, and it would be just as easy, though equally unjustifiable, to explain the foundation of the library simply as an act of self-interest. What actually happened in 1848 was that a number of subscribers to the Old Warrington Circulating Library, which had been founded in 1760, held a meeting to consider a number of printed proposals relating to its future.

This library had been used in the eighteenth century by the distinguished men and women who had been attracted to Warrington by the Warrington Academy, which, to quote Dr. McLachlan's recent book on the subject, "stands forth as a forerunner of the modern university colleges and universities ; as an eighteenth century centre of scientific and literary activity ; and, last but not least, as a citadel of religious and political freedom." Dr. Joseph Priestley, the scientist and philosopher, was a tutor at the academy and he was also a member of the committee of the circulating library. Others associated with both the academy and library were Dr. John Aikin and the poet Mrs. Barbauld, while the first person to hold office as the librarian of the circulating library was William Eyres, the distinguished Warrington printer.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the academy had long been closed, and the circulating library was in grave danger of disintegration through lack of funds and lack of interest. Then, in 1847, Warrington became a municipal borough and a number of men saw a method of saving the library from total extinction. Perhaps some of them merely wanted to save it for the subscribers, but there were others who genuinely desired to provide a new public amenity for the town. As a result of the meeting of the subscribers in May 1848, the library passed into municipal control. A rate of not less than $\frac{1}{4}$ d. in the £ was to be levied and, when the library was opened to the public on November 1, 1848, no similar institution existed anywhere else in Great Britain.

Despite the enthusiasm of those who desired so ardently to establish public libraries, it is quite evident that the early Victorians were determined not to allow themselves to be carried away by enthusiasm when the financial aspects were being considered. A speaker in a

B.B.C. talk on the early Victorians said : " They wanted a system of administration which should be efficient without expense." The report, published in 1849, by the members of the " Select Committee . . . appointed on the best means of extending the Establishment of Libraries freely open to the Public" expressed the pious hope that it would only be necessary to provide buildings from the rates, and books would flow in to fill them by way of charitable donation. For the next 70 years financial restrictions rested upon the public library movement like a chilly hand, so that full development of an efficient service was impossible. This disability was not removed until 1919 and it is only in the last 30 years that some towns have been able to shake off the traditions of three-quarters of a century in order to provide a service that is both desirable and efficient. In other towns the traditions still remain.

The founders of the Warrington Municipal Library appear to have been rather more realistic in their attitude towards the cost of maintaining it than were their contemporaries in the parliament responsible for the first Public Libraries Act, for it was clearly stated from the outset in Warrington, that funds to provide a building should be raised by public subscription, and that the library rate should be supplemented by the annual subscriptions of all to whom books were to be issued for home reading.

For more than 40 years after a public library was established in Warrington, the only privilege accorded to members of the public in return for the library rate, was free admittance to certain reading rooms on certain days of the week, when books and periodicals could be consulted and read on the premises, providing the seeker of knowledge asked the attendant politely to hand him the book or periodical desired. For almost 40 years, no voice was raised against the policy of the library committee in issuing books to subscribers only. Indeed, why should anyone have protested ? The Acts of Parliament had not stated that books should be issued free of charge—and much more to the point—very few of the inhabitants were able to read during the first few decades of public library activity in the town. In providing libraries before schools the cart had been placed before the horse, and the Education Act of 1870 had been on the statute book for sixteen years before an editorial article in a Warrington newspaper drew attention to the fact that, in other towns, books were loaned by public libraries without charge, while in Warrington the ratepayers were denied this privilege. This editorial unleashed a flood of correspondence which lasted for five years ; public meetings were convened to consider the matter ; heated discussion took place in the council chamber ; comments on the struggle appeared in newspapers all over Lancashire and, finally, the noise of the dispute reached the House of Commons, where a

question was asked by Mr. Bradlaugh and a reply given by the Attorney General. The dispute was settled in the case of Warrington by the inclusion, in a local Act, of a clause permitting a $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. rate to be levied, and for the rest of the country by the sentence in the Public Libraries Act of 1892 : " No charge shall be made for admission to a library or museum provided under this Act for any library district, or, in the case of a lending library for the use thereof by the inhabitants of the district."

Within the year following the "freeing" of the Warrington Municipal Library, the number of books issued for home reading was more than doubled, and the next important change did not take place until the year following the removal of the rate restriction by the 1919 Act. In that year, not only was the restriction imposed by inadequate finances removed, but the library was converted to the open access system, so that bewildered people were able to enter the lending library in order to choose their own books from the shelves. So great was the response of the population to the removal of this barrier between books and people, that a further extension of the building became necessary ten years later. To-day, although the population of Warrington is only four times greater than it was in 1848, the use of the library is now 340 times greater than it was a century ago. Most of this development has taken place during the last 30 years and this is not peculiar to Warrington, for the number of books issued from the public libraries of Great Britain and Ireland has increased from $95\frac{1}{4}$ millions in 1919 to over 300 millions in 1949. Such astonishing growth can only be explained by the improved finances of libraries following the passing of the 1919 Act.

A century ago there was neither a public library system nor a system of compulsory education in Great Britain, and although the cart was placed before the horse when libraries were provided before schools, it is painfully obvious to all that British libraries were not permitted to keep pace with the general development of education between 1870 and 1919. British librarians were not responsible for the rate restrictions imposed upon them for the first 70 years, and they have done much to improve the library services of this country since the restrictions were removed. Yet none, I think, would claim that improved financial resources have caused all our progress, or, that all the barriers between books and people have been broken down. Now that books must be issued free from lending libraries, and people are free to enter libraries in order to choose their own books ; now that most people can read, and all library committees are free to levy whatever rate seems necessary in their locality, and now that a great voluntary scheme for the loan of books from one library to another has been created, it would seem that the public library system of the country is perfect. Yet most readers will

realize at once that this is not so. There are still many areas of the country where only a token service is provided ; there are still library authorities who refuse to levy a rate sufficient to provide a reasonably efficient service, and there are many people who cannot even know what is meant by a reasonably efficient service. The public service of this country is still local, so that a man may live within a mile of an efficient library, and yet may not be permitted to use that library because he does not live in the area of the authority providing the efficient service.

Librarians are very conscious of the defects and weaknesses in the service that is provided. They are very proud of the tremendous achievements of the past hundred years, and none realize better than they that the yardstick used to measure achievements—the recorded number of books issued—is the poorest way of assessing the value of the library movement. Recorded issues do not tell us how many books have been read, nor the influence that books have exerted on their readers. That is why librarians are pleased whenever they see in autobiographies statements which indicate that the writers owe much to the fact that they have used public libraries. Neville Cardus, for example, says in his autobiography :

Given a library and a cricket pitch, both free of charge, I was obviously blessed with good luck beyond the lot of most boys rich or poor. Here at any rate was the material I needed.

This is pleasing to the librarian, not as a record of something that libraries have really done, but rather, as an indication of the potentialities of the library movement, a movement that is alive and capable of materially affecting the lives of all its users.

(The author is the Borough Librarian of Warrington in Lancashire.)

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

BY EVELYN P. HOPE

ON Tuesday evening, July 28, 1750, Johann Sebastian Bach died in the house adjoining St. Thomas's School, Leipzig, where he had been cantor for 27 years. A paralytic stroke was the immediate cause of death, but at 65 he was worn out with work and worry, and had been blind for some months. In later years he had earned a good income. The comfortable house (dining-room, parlour, study and six bedrooms, beside the servants' quarters) contained his modest luxuries—a considerable library, including 80 theological books, the nicely veneered clavier, the tall candlesticks and silver plate, the leather chairs, his gold-mounted agate snuff-box, silver-hilted sword, silver-mounted stick and the portrait of his father, whom he lost so young.

Lissgen (Elizabeth), the only one of his daughters who ever married, had, at his desire, come home with her husband, Johann Christoph Altnikil, Bach's former pupil. It was but a year since he had, as he put it, "acknowledged God's grace and bounty" in their happy marriage. Now Lissgen mourned her three-months-old son as well as her father. The eldest daughter, Catherina Dorothea, was living at home, as were also a mentally deficient son of 26 and three younger children (of the 20 children of his two marriages, only nine survived him). His beloved Anna Magdalena, now nearly fifty (though but seven years older than Dorothea) was with him as he had wished. Little did she guess in what extreme poverty most of her ten remaining years would be spent or how soon and for how long her genius husband would be almost forgotten.

He was buried on Friday, July 31, very early. The day was one of continuous church services, and his scholars of St. Thomas's School were also choristers and could be spared to attend their master's funeral only before six o'clock in the morning. No memorial was erected, and the grave was unmarked for over a century. Bach's headmaster, Johann August Ernesti, made no reference to him in his next annual speech. His employers on the Leipzig council could not wait till he was buried before filling the vacant appointment. They met on July 29; one of them said: "The school needs a cantor, not a *capellmeister*." (Bach had been *Capellmeister* to Prince Leopold of Cöthen, and the Prince had allowed him to keep the title when he

went to Leipzig.) They passed no resolution of regret or of sympathy with his family ; they would not even consider the candidature of the son in Berlin ; they hoped they would not get another cantor like the last, and we may be quite sure they never did.

The Leipzig councillors had never had much opinion of their intractable cantor and third master of St. Thomas's School. They appointed him in the first place only after two better known musicians had turned the job down. Always there was friction. When he examined boys for musical scholarships to the school the council awarded half the scholarships to candidates whom he had not recommended. When the old rector of the school died, and the council met to consider a successor, one of them said : " Let us hope we are more fortunate with the rector than with the cantor." At a council meeting on August 2, 1730, seven years after Bach's appointment, one said he was stubborn, past all hope of amendment, and another, that he did nothing (which was the wildest slander) and refused to explain his conduct (which was true enough and characteristic). At that meeting the council decided to impound part of his income. However, Bach has left on record his opinion: " My masters," he says, " are strange folk with very little care for music." Nor was it with the council alone that Bach could not get on. The rector appointed in 1730, Johann Matthias Gesner, was an old friend and colleague of Weimar days. He admired Bach and did much to smooth over the differences between him and the council. But he, unfortunately, moved on after four years, and with his successor, Johann August Ernesti, Bach had at least one battle royal. Ernesti, who as senior master had been jealous of Bach's authority, appointed over the head of his cantor a most unsuitable choir first prefect. Bach refused to allow him to act, carrying on the dispute for some months, and going so far as to turn the 23-year-old youth out of the choir in the middle of a service.

All his life his independence of character had brought him into conflict with authority. In his first appointment, as a young organist of 18 at Arnstadt, his employers disliked the way he played the hymns. They said he put the congregation off their singing, and also preluded too long ; thereafter he preluded no more. They gave him four weeks leave of absence to go to an annual festival of music at Lubeck, more than 200 miles away—it is said that he walked ! He was absent 16 weeks, and when he returned they complained. He replied that he had left them a competent deputy in his cousin Johann Ernst, who afterwards succeeded him. They protested that he had allowed a woman to make music in the church—probably Maria Barbara, whom he afterwards married.

He was glad to leave Arnstadt and get an appointment as organist at Mühlhausen. But he found the people there even less apprecia-

tive. If, however, Bach was independent where his work was affected, he could be equally obstinate in his loyalties. The Mühlhausen appointment was followed by that of *concert meister* and organist to the Duke of Weimar. The Duke appreciated him and treated him generously, giving him much more money than he had ever earned before. But unfortunately the Duke had a *bête noire*, his own brother, and later the deceased brother's family. Now Bach had been for a short time in the employment of that brother and had taught a brilliant son. The family had been kind to him and neither interest nor threats could induce him to give them up. It came to such a pass that he insisted, with more importunity than tact, on his desire to leave the Duke's service, and the Duke held him for a time against his will, even putting him under house arrest.

His next appointment—his last before Leipzig—was that of *capellmeister* to the Court of Prince Leopold of Cöthen, who treated him as a friend and always appreciated him, even after the relationship ended. Bach wrote, years later, from Leipzig, to his old friend, Georg Erdmann :

Cöthen's gracious Prince loved and understood music, so that I expected to end my days there. But my *serenissimus* married a Bernburg wife, and in consequence, so it seemed, his musical inclination abated, while his new Princess proved to be an *amusa*. So it pleased God to call me here as *Director Musices* and Cantor of the Thomasschule. At first I found it not altogether agreeable to become a simple Cantor after having been a Capellmeister . . . however . . . having particularly in mind my sons' studies and after invoking divine guidance, I at last made up my mind to come to Leipzig, performed my Probe, and received the post.

Perhaps there were other reasons. Maria Barbara had died suddenly at Cöthen. Bach left her quite well when he went, as was his duty, on a journey with Prince Leopold, and returned to find her dead and buried. She left him with four small children—three had died in infancy. After a year-and-a-half he married again most happily. But it may be that Cöthen had painful memories, and his sons did go to the *Thomasschule* at Leipzig and later to its university.

What did the rest of his world think of the composer whom Schumann described as the man "to whom music owed almost as great a debt as religion does to its Founder"? Nothing at all as a composer! This man, neither tall nor distinguished looking, seemed but one more of a large family of working musicians, one more "Bach"—the synonym at Erfurt for an organist till long after the family's association with the town had ended. In those days, when printed music was not so easily available, it was usual for an organist or *capellmeister* to write music regularly for his choir or his band. Bach did just that, and a dozen men of his day were more highly regarded as composers. Little of his music was published in his lifetime, and the small and inadequate church choirs to whom he had

taught his glorious cantatas ceased to sing them at his death. Indeed there is some evidence that his music, in the quick and flexible tempo in which he himself conducted it, was liked by the general public as little as it was understood. One of his pupils tells the story of the first performance of *St. Matthew's Passion*. Several high officials and ladies of rank, seated in one of the galleries, started to sing the first chorale, but as the music proceeded they put down their books in disgust, saying : " What does all this mean ? " and one old lady, a widow of consequence, said to a town official who escorted her from the church : " God help us if it is not for certain a comic opera ! " Telemann, perhaps the foremost musician of the day, and a personal friend, said when Bach died that he would be remembered as the father of famous sons as he could no longer be famous as a performer.

And there we have it. If Bach won little recognition as a composer, his brilliance as an organist, and his knowledge of that instrument and of the clavier were far famed. (There were five claviers in his house when he died as well as a dozen other instruments, and some of his own invention). He was often called in as an expert to examine the work of an organ builder and afterwards give a recital on the new instrument. He got his first organ at Arnstadt in this way, and it was on a similar errand that he first visited Leipzig, six years before he became cantor there. Sometimes there was a banquet ; no less than sixteen dishes were served when he visited Halle in 1716. And there is a delightful account of an occasion when he and Anna Magdalena were entertained handsomely at the *Stadt Stockholme* in Cassel. A servant was provided, travelling expenses were paid and the fee was 50 *thalers*—half a year's salary at Leipzig.

Critics of his own time called Bach " the prince of organists." Gesner writes : " Rhythm is in every limb of him, all the harmonies are gathered up in his sensitive ear . . . I tell you this Bach of mine . . . is worth any number of Orpheuses." While a friend of Handel's in London expressed the opinion that if anyone could surpass Handel as an organist it must be Bach at Leipzig. Bach never met Handel, though he greatly desired to do so. However, a competition was arranged between him and Louis Marchand, a famous French organist, at Dresden. The appointed time arrived and Bach with it, but not the Frenchman. He had heard Bach secretly and fled the town that morning.

Bach's sight-reading was a marvel. He liked to fix the band parts of a piece of music on the book board, and improvise an organ or clavier accompaniment as he played them ; and it was a family joke that someone had once produced a piece of music in which he stuck. His extemporization was equally famous ; two hours on one theme was quite usual. " I thought this art was dead, but I see it still lives in you," said Reinken, the famous organist, to hear whom many years

before Bach as a chorister had tramped from Lüneburg to Hamburg. The occasion of Reinken's praise was Bach's visit to Hamburg about the vacant post of organist at the *Jakobikirche*. Unfortunately, whoever accepted the appointment was expected to contribute to the church funds. So Bach never had that organ or, indeed, any organ with more than two manuals. He never had money to spare. "If I may say so respectfully, frugal as is my household, I have not enough to live on," he told his Mühlhausen employers. However, Pastor Neumeister of the *Jakobikirche* took the opportunity in a sermon that Christmas to tell his congregation that even if an angel from heaven had descended to compete for the organ of their church, he would have been rejected unless he had brought money with him.

Asked to explain the secret of his powers, Bach said : " There is nothing wonderful about it ; you merely strike the right note and the organ does the rest." He liked to sit in some church and listen to a fugue by another organist. He would whisper to a friend his guess as to how the theme would be developed, and nudge with delight if he proved right.

Yet, though he was often away from home examining new organs or giving recitals—much to the annoyance of his Leipzig employers, who thought that at least their leave should have been asked—Bach was essentially a home bird, never so happy as when he was with his beloved children and his adored wife. She was always adored, whether she was Maria Barbara, the cousin and sweetheart of his youth, or Anna Magdalena, the young professional singer who came to him at the age of 20 and made the last 29 years of his life bright with her love for her *Liebster*. It was to Anna Magdalena that he gave the two famous silk-bound music books in which he had inscribed songs he had written for her, little pieces with which he was teaching her the clavier, and even a list of theological books—one wonders whether she ever read them. Who has not been touched by the tenderness of *Bist du bei mir* or the passionate devotion of the poem written to her four years after their marriage, in which he begins by declaring himself her slave and ends

What wonder that my mouth and heart
With joy are overflowing.

For his children he could not do enough. When his eldest son was nine years old he started to make the famous *Little Clavier Book for Wilhelm Friedemann Bach*, beginning with the clef signs carefully drawn, and then some " ornaments ", followed (under the letters I (n) N(omine) J (esu)), by the child's first exercise in fingering, to which he added others of increasing difficulty. The book grew to 71 pages, and all the boys in turn used it. He composed quite a lot of music with the same object. Probably the five claviers were

needed for several sets of little fingers to practise at one time.

"All my children", he writes to Georg Erdmann, "are born musicians : from my own family, I assure you, I can arrange a vocal and instrumental concert ; my wife in particular has a very clear soprano, and my eldest daughter can give a good account of herself, too." Many were the musical evenings he enjoyed with his family in the long first-floor parlour overlooking the promenade at the back of the Cantor's House.

When he had given his sons the best education that Leipzig could offer, he sought suitable employment for them. Wilhelm Friedemann was perhaps the most brilliant musician of his remarkable family. In 1730 Bach describes him as a *studiosus juris*. In 1733, when the boy was 23, his father applied for him for the post of organist of the *Sophienkirche* in Dresden, where Bach himself had given an organ recital two years before and won much praise including an adulatory poem in the local paper favourably comparing him with Orpheus. Bach took Friedemann to Dresden, and when the boy, who excelled all other candidates, received the appointment, his father remained with him for nearly three weeks.

In May, 1736, Bach wrote to friends at Mühlhausen, proposing his third son, Bernard, then just 20, for the post of organist of the *Marienkirche* there, and himself took his son to Mühlhausen to perform the necessary tests. Bernard was appointed, but before long debts compelled him to leave Mühlhausen, and he asked his father to write for him to Sangerhausen, where the organist of the *Jakobikirche* had died. Bach, who did not then know about the debts but paid them when he did know, got in touch with an old acquaintance at Sangerhausen. "So in God's good providence," he wrote, "it may come about that you will be able to fulfil on behalf of a son of mine the goodwill you showed to my unworthy self thirty years ago, when, too, the post of figural organist was vacant." Again Bernard was appointed, and again he got into debt, this time so seriously that he disappeared. Bach wrote again to the man whose interest he had solicited, and to whose house he had taken Bernard to lodge only a year before, promising to pay these debts also, and begging that the appointment might be kept open a little longer. He writes :

So loving and tender a father as yourself will understand the grief and sorrow with which I write this letter. I have not seen my, alas, undutiful boy since last year, when I enjoyed so many kindnesses at your hands . . . What can I do or say more, my warnings having failed and my loving care and help having proved unavailing ? I can only bear my cross in patience, and commend my undutiful boy to God's mercy, never doubting that He will hear my sorrow-stricken prayer, and in His good time bring my son to understand that the path of conversion leads to Him. I . . . beg you . . . to accept my assurance that I have done all that a true father, whose children lie very close to his heart, is bound to do to advance their welfare.

Yes indeed, and not for Bernard alone. In his efforts and journeys on his sons' behalf, Bach must have remembered the struggles of his own youth. Orphaned at the age of ten, he lived till he was 15 with his eldest brother, who sent him to school, and helped him with his music. Then came the scholarship to Lüneburg 150 miles away, and the long tramp there, with only the boy Georg Erdmann for companion, except for such lifts as they could get. "I worked hard," he said later. "If you are as industrious as I was you will be no less successful."

In a life of hard work (the church cantatas alone numbered nearly three hundred), gratifying successes and bitter disappointments, Bach had many faithful friends. The godparents of his 20 children included patrons, colleagues and relatives. For the great Sebastian was a very faithful Bach. He compiled in 1736 a genealogy of his family, with 18 pages of brief notes on 53 of them, starting with his great, great grandfather Veit, the miller of Wechmar who used, he says, to take his guitar into the mill, and play while the corn was grinding. He adds: "A pretty noise the pair of them must have made! However, it taught him to keep time, and that, apparently, is how music first came into our family."

The members of this remarkable family, which can be traced for seven generations, were practically all musicians. They had a pleasant custom of spending a day together once a year at Erfurt, Eisenach (Sebastian's birthplace) or, occasionally, Arnstadt, for most of them lived within easy reach. Carl Philipp Emanuel, the son at Berlin, of whose two boys Bach was so proud, tells us that they used to start with a hymn and then "spent the day in frivolous recreation. Best of all, they liked to extemporize a chorus out of popular songs, comic or jocular, weaving them into an harmonious whole while declaiming the words of each. They called this hotch-potch a *Quodlibet* and laughed uproariously over it." The great Sebastian never missed these gatherings. The hymn would be no mere formality. One of his pupils, Johann Gotthilf Ziegler, tells how his master instructed him "when playing hymns not to treat the melody as if it alone were important but to interpret the words through the melody." He was deeply religious; well pleased for so many years of his life to devote his gifts to what he calls, "the object which concerns me most, the betterment of church music." It seems natural that the last music he dictated to Altnikol was a choral prelude; and during his illness he quoted from the hymn with which it was headed:

Before Thy throne, my God, I stand,
Myself, my all, are in Thy hand;
Turn to me Thine approving face,
Nor from me now withhold Thy grace.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV

BY B. EVAN OWEN

NEW brands of philosophy imported from the continent usually receive a cool reception in England. We are more favourably inclined towards the bleak sterilities of logical positivism than towards the introspective morbidities of the more esoteric branches of existentialism.

In the thought of Nicholas Berdyaev, the Russian philosopher who died in 1948, there is, however, much that commends it to our liberal, humanist and Christian traditions. It has affinities with the existentialism of Kierkegaard and subscribes to the Mounier personalist manifesto of 1936. But it is antithetical to Sartreanism and opposes the belief in God-manhood, derived from Soloviev, to the impersonal theology of Karl Barth.

In its social implications it proceeds from a constructive analysis of Marxist doctrine, accepting to a large degree Marx's rejection and denunciation of capitalism, while denying the validity of his rejection of the spirit as an independent, creative reality. Berdyaev's philosophy is complex and often contradictory, but to the critics who hold this against him, he replies, "... my vocation is to proclaim not a doctrine but a vision. . . . I work and desire to work by inspiration, fully conscious of being open to all the criticisms, systematic philosophers, historians and scholars are likely to make . . . (But) is not Nietzsche open to the same criticism ?"

*Dream and Reality** is an absorbing study of the growth of the writer's spiritual and philosophical development and throws considerable light on the apparent inconsistencies in his thought ; but it is something more than a philosophical treatise. It is salutary in its

sane and balanced attitude towards the social and political system that is turning Berdyaev's beloved Russia into a concentration camp and is bedevilling all attempts at permanent peace-making.

Recent events, as Professor Hyman Levy indicated recently, have resulted in a violent reaction against Marxism which is swiftly degenerating into a hatred of everything Russian. No doubt, as Shaw wrote of the post 1918 anti-German hysteria, it will wear off, and the worst it threatens will prove impracticable. But time is not necessarily on our side and we would do well to listen to the voice of one who was a sufferer under both the old and the new régimes in Russia, yet did not lose his faith in the historic destiny of his country, which he sees as one of conciliation between east and west, in conformity with Russia's peculiarly favourable geographical position, midway between the two spheres of political influence.

Berdyaev was imprisoned four times and lived through three wars and two revolutions in Russia. He saw the spiritual renaissance in Russia in the early years of this century and he lived through the advent of Russian Communism. During the last war he was an exile in France and refused to flee to America, sharing the humiliation and travail of enemy occupation. During his years in France he was profoundly disgusted by the attitudes adopted by fellow Russian *émigrés*, who "caroused on national self-adulation and concocted plans for a glorious Russia."

His own love of Russia and his people grew with the years, and he felt all the agonies of exile when the German armies invaded Russia, but he abhorred the growing nationalism that threatened

* *Dream and Reality*. An essay in autobiography, by Nicholas Berdyaev. Geoffrey Bles. 30s.

to divide the world again into armed camps. He believed Russia to be, on account of her history and her freedom from the more binding results of civilization, the most essentially universalist nation in the world. That the realization of Russia's universalizing mission was shrouded in the mists of the future and that first must come the agonies of national repentance and a renunciation of all alien elements in her way of life was not sufficient cause for Berdyaev to abandon his hope for the future. In his insistence on the historical destiny and universalizing mission of Russia he revived many features of nineteenth-century Russian thought and re-states a theme which, as Dr. Lampert has pointed out in a recent study of Berdyaev, "... lies at the basis of the Slavophil philosophy of history."

In regard to his attitude towards Marxism and as a comment upon the strictures of those critics who could not understand why he had not repudiated it altogether, Berdyaev writes :

I identified myself with Marxism only in so far as this did not involve me in the acceptance of social and economic determinism, and, whatever the truth and prophetic power of Marx's critique of *bourgeois* society and its assumptions, he could not shake my faith in the ultimate freedom of the spirit. I fought for this freedom in the very midst of the Marxist world, just as I fought for it amidst the Russian Orthodox. . . . The Marxist movement . . . was born of a new vision, it brought with it not only emancipation from the routine of populism, but also a new purpose and a new conception of man . . . Marxism, at that juncture, was in fact a signal for the spiritual as well as the social liberation of man.

We may disagree with his assessment of the value of Marxism, but we cannot but be grateful for a man who does not allow the distorting mirrors of contemporary abuse to blind him to what he sees as its essential and permanent revelations.

Berdyaev did not regard himself as either a pure philosopher or a pure theologian, he was something of both and called himself a "religious philosopher". This attitude which, in its independence, aggravated Gabriel

Marcel into calling him an anarchist is typified in the fact that perhaps the greatest influence upon his thought and way of life, was a novelist. Dostoevsky was, for the young Berdyaev, the most important of "a number of thinkers and writers who nourished my love for the freedom of the spirit, who confirmed this love and attended its fruition in me."

In his life and thought, Berdyaev was a symbol of our time, for he embraced all the dilemmas that confront our world within the complexity of his philosophy. He was a Russian noble whose mother was half-French and who was socialist, Christian and, for Marcel was right, a spiritual anarchist. His significance lies in the fact that he achieved a synthesis of all these diverse elements ; it may be the synthesis for which we are seeking with a growing sense of futility.

THE ANATOMY OF PEACE, by Emery Reves. *Cassell. 7s. 6d.*

When this book was first published five years ago, it attracted a good deal of attention. It has since run into many editions in many languages. It is a stimulating and challenging book, of which a new edition for English readers is therefore welcome. It is reprinted without alteration, for, as the publishers tell us, Mr. Reves "could find nothing whatever to change in the original text."

His main theme may be summed up in two propositions. The first is that "the institution of the sovereign nation State has been dead now for several decades", but unfortunately it is still alive, and as long as it lives, there can never be peace in the world. No attempt to preserve peace by agreement between sovereign States can possibly succeed. Treaties of peace have ended in further wars. The League of Nations failed, and the United Nations will likewise fail. Neither capitalism, Communism, Fascism nor religion holds out any hope of success. This critique of modern society is expounded with much force and eloquence.

To remedy this state of affairs there is only one method :

The only way to prevent future world wars is through regulation of the inter-relationship of nations, not by unenforceable treaty obligations, which sovereign nations will always disregard, but by an enforceable legal order, binding all nations, giving all nationals equal rights under the established law and imposing equal obligations upon each.

That is Mr. Reves' second proposition, but when it comes to applying it, he is disappointingly vague. He says that the "sovereign people" must "now delegate part of our respective sovereignties to bodies capable of creating and applying Law in international relations." But how is this to be done ? Mr. Reves has no belief in the governments which the democratic peoples have elected to express their views. They will never recognize the fundamental changes which are going on or the need for reform—which seems to suggest that the peoples themselves are unlikely to recognize them either. He does not believe in the United Nations "as a first step." He thinks that "nothing is more futile than to work out detailed plans and prepared drafts for a constitutional document of a world government." What then is left to do ? Mr. Reves answers we have not yet reached the stage of conceiving a universal democratic legal order. We have got to formulate a new set of principles, which will arouse the enthusiasm of the peoples of the world and stir them to demand a new world order. They must be based on pure reason, from which we have strayed into mysticism and transcendental emotions. We hope that Mr. Reves will set his hand to the task.

But this process of conception and popularization is bound to take a long time. To destroy deep-seated emotions is not easy, nor is it easy to create a mystique of rationalism, which may be a contradiction in terms. In the meanwhile we have got to go on trying to prevent war in a world of sovereign States, and by doing so we may find the road to a better international society.

HAROLD BUTLER

CHINA AND THE SOVIET UNION,
by Aitchén K. Wu. *Methuen.* 25s.

Readers of Dr. Wu's *Tartary Tumult* will need no assurance that his new work like the former one, is distinguished by careful research and exact detail. Indeed the only objection might be that there is almost too much detail. But the whole stands as an unapproached record of the longest, most cynically pursued diplomatic brigandage in history. As early as 1626 Count Vladislavitch, sent as ambassador to Peking by Catherine I., returned with maps and documents to show how all China could be conquered. "This extraordinarily ambitious scheme," says Dr. Wu, "was the inspiration of Russian aggression in the second half of the 19th century"—and ever since, he might have added, the land-grabbing at China's expense pursued by the U.S.S.R. being at least equal to that of the Czars and far more damaging to China's real interests.

The way was opened by Muraviev who, between 1858-1860 when China was too much weakened by the T'aiiping Rebellion to resist, wrenched from her the whole Pacific littoral down to Korea since known as the Maritime Provinces, an area nearly as big as France. From this point the headings of Dr. Wu's chapters—Russia's Occupation of Manchuria, Chinese Eastern Railway, Outer Mongolia, Crisis of 1929 ; and worst of all the deplorable Yalta Agreement—are like a peal of tocsins, each one sounding a fresh humiliation and spoliation of China.

It is true that in the first enthusiasm for the new heaven and earth which the Bolshevik Revolution was to inaugurate, Moscow announced the surrender of all Russian concessions and rights in China. Yet within less than four years the Soviet was taking advantage of the confusion in Outer Mongolia to detach that vast territory from China ; since 1924 Outer Mongolia has been virtually one with the U.S.S.R., tightly shut off from all visitors. One interesting event which Dr. Wu seems to have overlooked

is the concession wrung by Moscow in June, 1949, from the phantom Nationalist Government (then at Canton on the eve of its last flight) for an exclusive Russian monopoly of all air transport and air stations in Sinkiang. The Sino-Soviet Treaty concluded by Mao Tse-tung in Moscow last February, is curiously silent on this invasion of China's sovereign rights.

Of this famous treaty Dr. Wu reproduces all the available information. What secret clauses there may be no one knows. But the more one studies it, the more one sees that Russia gave nothing but promises. Dr. Wu's own comment is as damaging as any he quotes: "The Chinese People's Government will have to be on their best behaviour towards the Soviet Union for the next two years for fear that the promises might be revoked." One would like to have every member of the Peking Government made to read this striking book, though there is little doubt that secretly they are well aware of the tale it tells. Why, oh why, has Western policy somehow thrown China into the arms of her worst despoiler?

O. M. GREEN

ESSAYS IN SOCIAL THEORY, by G. D. H. Cole. *Macmillan*. 15s.

Professor Cole was one of the precursors of the present welfare State. He was a great socialist force in the Oxford of the 'twenties and 'thirties; some at least of his vast output of red-bound books were on the shelves of most reading men; and not a few of the undergraduates whom he influenced now echo his teaching in Parliament from the Ministerial benches.

This collection of essays and addresses done over the last nine years gives a clear notion of the man, his intellectual virtues and limits. In Rousseau's political theory, for instance, he shows how Rousseau's general will "was transferred by his successors from the citizens, in whom he held it to exist, to the elected politicians, to whom he emphatically denied it."

DENT



An English Almanac

Miles Hadfield

A light-hearted compilation of an ardent 'looker-up.' Festivals, traditions, events historic, sporting, and seasonal, famous anniversaries, and legends tied to the calendar, are included.

With about 60 line drawings by the author.

Crown 4to. 15s. net

England : Past, Present, & Future *Douglas Jerrold*

'The thinking is as vigorous as the style. . . His reactions are authentic, not automatic; he sees past, present, and future as belonging to one historical process.'

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, *Daily Telegraph*.
'Enormously refreshing . . . brilliantly told.'

The Spectator.

350 pages. 10s. 6d. net

A Journey to Vienna

Mrs. Robert Henrey

'Warmth and coolness, humour and compassion—and when the story is about the making of a film under romantic and moving circumstances it can be imagined what she makes of it.'

FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE, *Books of To-day*.
Coloured frontispiece and end-papers,
photos, 2 maps. 16s. net

Holland To-day *Cicely Hamilton*

'Cicely Hamilton is expert in the portraiture of countries . . . straightforward and compact. . . Any one going to Holland would do well to add it to his luggage.'

C. V. WEDGWOOD, *Time and Tide*.
With 16 pages of photographs. 12s. 6d. net

Puritanism and Liberty

The Army Debates, 1647-9

A new edition of the standard work described as a treasure-house of the abiding foundations of Anglo-Saxon democracy. Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse, with foreword by Lord Lindsay. 30s. net

DENT

Rousseau was "a believer in the virtues of the small community." Professor Cole has been a disciple of Rousseau on this point. Democracy is a thing of small societies, in which the citizens know each other by name and face. Carrying responsibilities for your neighbours, in company with your neighbours—that seems to be for him the heart of it. "All the time we have been broadening the franchise, and increasing educational opportunities, and developing the social services, and all the rest of it, we have been letting the very essence of democracy get squeezed out by the mere growth in the scale of political organization." In wartime he was immensely struck by the street groups that formed under the bombs, and the neighbourly bands who resisted on the Continent. They, for him, were the living stuff of democracy. An essay written in 1941 reveals how much he hoped of them. Where are they now?

Like many to-day, Professor Cole is a liberal by social inheritance, not by rational faith. "What I take for granted" is the significant title of one short piece. "I assume that the simple rules of common morality are valid..." And again "I assume that all men are brothers..." Every item in this credo begins with "I assume" and elsewhere he remarks of a possible argument with Hitler: "If I say 'I think we ought to give other people as much pleasure and as little pain as possible' and he says 'Why?' I am at a loss." It is a noteworthy confession which many now would have to make. Yet "Why be good?" is a question to which the leaders of healthy societies have usually had ready and robust answers.

The book includes an excellently argued, though extremely debatable, chapter on "The Aims of Education". This was privately circulated in 1942 but is now published for the first time. It is an abler piece of educational writing than one usually meets.

WALTER JAMES.

THE RED BERET, by Hilary St. George Saunders. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

WINGLESS VICTORY, by Anthony Richardson. *Odhams*. 9s. 6d.

Mr. Saunders has been faced with the task of writing a single volume out of material which would clearly have sufficed for a dozen. His story covers a whole range of adventures which, at this distance from the war, appear fantastic both in their audacity and in their success. The first of all British airborne operations was the successful but ineffectual destruction of an aqueduct in Southern Italy in February 1942. The handful of men dropped for the purpose blew up the Tragino aqueduct but did not manage to reach the coast, where a submarine was to have waited for them. They were finally taken prisoner, while hiding in a cave, by a stream of village children, hotly pursued by their mothers "who cried to them to come back immediately, and behind the mothers were the fathers issuing similar orders to their wives." Well in the rear a body of troops advanced with a number of *carabinieri*.

After the Tragino incident followed the far better planned and more profitable raid on Bruneval, made in conjunction with seaborne forces to remove vital parts from the local radar station. Mr. Saunders tells the story with that special gift for speed and lightness which makes him so successful a chronicler of events of this kind. He has a happy knack, too, of introducing anecdotes to describe the character of the men of whom the airborne forces were composed. Among those selected for the Bruneval raid was a Scottish corporal who had, we are told, somewhat augmented his service pay at pontoon and who insisted on carrying the winnings with him into battle. During the action "a splinter struck Corporal Stewart on the head and laid him low. Mindful of his pontoon winnings, he called out to his nearest comrade, Lance-Corporal Freeman:

"I've had it. Here's my wallet." Freeman hastened to take it and then examined Stewart, clearly visible in the bright moonlight. "You've only a scalp wound," he said, to which Stewart immediately retorted, "Gie us my bluidy wallet back, then."

Bruneval, however, like its precursor, was still only a tip-and-run raid, not a major part of a normal offensive. It was not until nearer the end of the war, when a whole division was successfully dropped across the Rhine, that airborne troops began to play that vital rôle in offensive operations which was foreseen by the British pioneers of airborne warfare and by the Russians and Germans before them.

Between Bruneval and the Rhine Crossing Mr. Saunders traces the growth of this new branch of Britain's armed forces. For the men who created the Parachute Regiment were not only training for, and fighting in, some of the closest and bloodiest actions of the war. They were also developing, painfully and at considerable cost in lives, a new conception in both strategy and tactics, of which no British officer had practical experience when the war began. The men who wore the Red Beret fought in North Africa, Sicily and Italy; from D-day to V-E day in North-West Europe; and against the communists in Greece. In all these theatres they gained a reputation based not on their peculiar method of arriving on the battlefield, but on their exceptional courage and skill in action. Mr. Saunders' story does justice to their fame.

The tale which Mr. Richardson tells began also with a parachute descent, though an involuntary one. Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry was shot down over St. Omer while on a bombing sortie shortly before Dunkirk. Though wounded and captured, he managed to escape from a column of marching prisoners, and thereafter, through a series of adventures, made his way through Paris, Orleans, Tours and Perpignan into Spain. Twice during his journey he was picked up by

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

FABER BOOKS

Inward Companion

WALTER DE LA MARE

Reviewing these new poems, Lord David Cecil says, 'Surely of all living English writers, Mr. Walter de la Mare's fame is the most likely to endure. . . . He is always concerned with what is ultimately significant in any age or society.'—*Observer*.

Book Society Recommendation. 8/6

Confident Morning

SIR HAROLD BUTLER

'These memoirs are unusually stimulating . . . the essential quality derives from the use of past and present to illuminate each other. . . . it is the mastery of evidence acquired over some forty years' close attention to public questions that gives their exceptional interest to Sir Harold's analyses . . . *Confident Morning* might profitably be adopted as compulsory reading by all those concerned, directly or indirectly, nationally or internationally, with the practical conduct of 'public affairs.'—*Spectator*.

12/6

Return from Utopia

RICHARD LAW

'Mr. Richard Law's brilliant diagnosis is timely . . . it is not mere nostalgia which has led him to put into such vivid and muscular prose his thoughts on world affairs. . . . Even if it stood alone, his examination of the causes which have led to the economic difficulties of Great Britain would be a *tour de force*.'—*Time & Tide*.

12/6

Settlers

edited by RICHARD HALE

Here, from the letters and journals of pioneer men and women, is a vivid picture of early settlement life in Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand.

With contemporary illustrations and maps. 25/-

Peacocks in Paradise

ELISABETH INGLIS-JONES

The romantic but entirely authentic story of a House—its owners, and the Elysium they built there, in the mountains of Wales in the 18th century.

Fully illustrated 18/-

Invitation to Morocco

ROM LANDAU

'A great, bubbling vat of personal experiences, in which one can dip with a ladle for hours on end and always bring up something new.'—*New Statesman*.

With 40 photographs. 18/-

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

German soldiers and each time got away again. A story of exceptional determination, endurance and cunning is occasionally marred by over-telling. But the book is a most readable record of the individual qualities which enabled so many British soldiers and airmen to escape through France into Spain, and of the courage and loyalty of the French peasants who fed them and helped them on their way.

GORDON WINTER

INVITATION TO MOROCCO, by
Rom Landau. *Faber*. 18s.

NO WOMAN'S COUNTRY, by
Michael Langley. *Jarrols*. 15s.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Landau, "it is due to its isolation among mountains and to its cloistered architecture that Fez has been able to keep its past so jealously." But Mr. Landau has most successfully delved for us into that past, not only of Fez but the whole of Morocco. And he has most interesting things to say of the present conditions ; it seems that to-day three-quarters of the men in the Foreign Legion are, for various reasons, German. As soon as they find out that they are addressing an Englishman they try to enlighten you on French inferiority and their own superiority, ignoring the fact that when, as prisoners of war, they were unwilling in 1945 to return to the defeated *Vaterland*, France gave them employment, food and clothing.

But even the neediest Moroccans are charitable ; Mr. Landau was entertained by a group of students who live in a very primitive manner, but no beggar departs empty-handed. Great was the contrast when he sojourned for a time with the sons of that magnate Thami el Glaoui, at whose bidding nearly a million men will march and, fortunately for the French, he is devoted to that country. This grand seigneur of the Atlas is likewise devoted to Mr. Churchill who sends him specially bound and autographed copies of all his books. When the Resident-General during the war insisted that the Pasha

should meet General Hauer, the head of the German mission, Thami el Glaoui arrived an hour late, uttered a few platitudes and vanished.

Mr. Landau was left in almost complete liberty by the French authorities as to whom he might contact ; he made no secret of the fact that everything did not strike him quite favourably. But his verdict on the French administration is altogether different from what he tells us of the Spanish zone. It is proclaimed that this zone is the sole coloured country in Africa with compulsory education ; but there are not enough schools to enable even a small minority of native children to receive any education whatever ; and public health, hygiene and economics are treated in the same fashion as public education. During the Khalifa's extravagant wedding in 1949, which is reputed to have cost some £150,000, it was announced that there would be an amnesty for 260 political prisoners. What actually took place was that 260 native labourers were picked up at night by the police and thrown into prison ; after three days they were released. Among them, as it happened, was the jobbing gardener of a friend of Mr. Landau. His book is most convincing and extremely interesting.

Mr. Langley is a far less practised writer, so that while reading his account of various journeys through the length and breadth of the Sudan one feels rather like the gentleman who sat in the corner and was engaged in pulling out plums. There is, to continue the metaphor, a great deal of nourishing material in the pudding. Mr. Langley takes us to naked pagans and to austere Commissioners, one of whom, after a dinner to some guests, would leave them, go into the kitchen and eat porridge. When questioned on this eccentricity he replied that it saved time in the morning. Mr. Langley weighs up the pros and cons of Sudanese independence and of the part that Britain will continue to play in the Nile Valley. It is exhilarating to read of the progress of the Sudanese peoples since

Gordon's death at Khartoum in 1885.

Many of the 58 illustrations, all of them photographs by the author, are works of art. One of them shows us four men and an officer round a vast war drum "that sounds like the heart-beat of an Army." Mr. Langley was determined to get to the heart of the Sudan and there is, one feels, no aspect of it which he does not consider. For instance there are fascinating pages on remote Darfur and the Sultan Ali Dinar, who put his money on the wrong horse in 1914. As the outcome of certain events at that time he presumably went arrayed in a red cloak, for he wore red when he was angry, white or green if he was pleased. He was a potentate, but one of his 120 sons complained to Mr. Langley that after working for twenty years in hospitals and six years in the army he is not even a lance-corporal.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES AND OTHER STUDIES IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DRAMA, by Clifford Leech. *Chatto and Windus*. 12s. 6d.

The prominence given on the jacket of Dr. Leech's book to the words "Shakespeare's Tragedies" may perhaps interfere with the full recognition of its wide scope. The first four chapters, forming a connected group, deal with tragedy in its general aspects. And it is one of the most helpful features of Dr. Leech's survey that he brings within its ambit Greek as well as English drama from *Gorboduc* to *The Conquest of Granada*. Moreover incidental light is thrown from plays of to-day by Shaw, Chekhov, Eliot, Sartre and others—even from the film of *Henry V*.

In his opening chapter on "The Implications of Tragedy" Dr. Leech starts from Aristotle's view of it as effecting a catharsis of the emotions through pity and terror, and rejects as inadequate the variant deductions therefrom by Dr. J. A. Richards and Professor Ellis-Fermor. The equili-

JOHN MURRAY

Freya Stark

TRAVELLER'S PRELUDE

An Autobiography

Recommended by the Book Society.

"Once we are in this book we live in it in a way that is possible only in literature of the first class. She is a great writer and this is a great book."—

Observer. Illustrated 18s. net

Sir John Pollock, Bt.

TIME'S CHARIOT

Recommended by the Book Society.

An autobiographical chronicle depicting the world of international affairs over a remarkable and most individual family background. Illustrated 18s. net

Lord Hervey & his Friends

Edited by

THE EARL OF ILCHESTER

G.B.E., D.Litt.

Lord Hervey, one of the shrewdest, raciest and most illuminating of the 18th Century chroniclers, is here shown as a diverting letter writer. Most of these letters were written to the Fox brothers. Illustrated 21s. net

Thomas Preston

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

A personal story of immense experience, variety and colour, of diplomacy, of music, and of the old and new Russias.

Illustrated 18s. net

brium of tragedy consists for him in a balancing of "Terror with Pride". In this or some kindred conception lies its justification, not (as he emphasizes) in the plea constantly put forward by both Elizabethan dramatists and critics that it has a didactic and reformative value.

In his chapter on "The Tragic Picture" Dr. Leech would confine nearly all the pre-Civil War tragedies of lasting value to the first dozen years of the seventeenth century. He excepts only Marlowe's plays before, and partially Middleton's and Ford's after. But this is to undervalue the resounding impact of Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*, on the one hand, and on the other of Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* with its uniquely prolonged hold upon the stage. It is true, however, as he points out in discussing "The Tragic Style," that it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that dramatic speech had moved for the most part away from its earlier formalized framework to "a naturalness of utterance that makes us think of the men and women of the plays as speaking without preparation."

He brings out well, with apt illustrations, the function of comedy interpolated in tragic drama, but it is surprising that he should speak of comedy and madness as associated not only in the Elizabethan mind but in ours to-day. As far as madness comes within the limits of theatrical presentation, as distinguished from mere eccentricity, it belongs, by right, to the tragic sphere.

Part II deals with less closely related theories. Timon is seen by Dr. Leech, from an unusual standpoint, as related not to the protagonists in the tragedies but in the dramatic romances because like them he acts spontaneously and not in part from external influence. In his discussion of *The Tempest* Dr. Leech reacts against the "aura of sanctity" with which criticism has invested it. Prospero is in his eyes "a kind of celestial schoolmaster who teaches obedience to his will and considers that his pupils have profited,

if only in that." The chapter on "The Caroline audience" portrays it as midway between the popular Elizabethan and the courtly Restoration types, with its distinctive gentility mirrored in the prologues and epilogues to the plays of the period. After a discussion of the varied types of love as a dramatic theme during the Caroline age the volume ends with an interesting comparison between the plays of Shakespeare and his Spanish contemporaries Lope de Vega and Calderón. Though some of Dr. Leech's conclusions may be challenged his study, in forcible, at times epigrammatic, style, and amply documented, will be of value to all students of drama.

F. S. BOAS

THE DOG LOVER'S WEEK-END BOOK, by Eric Parker and A. Croxton Smith. *Seeley Service*. 12s. 6d.

If you are seeking a delightful though silent companion for the autumn or winter fireside when, the day's work done, you are free to relax and permit memory to stray, pick up *The Dog Lover's Week-end Book* and render hearty thanks to that great interpreter of our countryside Eric Parker. In smaller measure praise A. Croxton Smith, his collaborator, who will supply all the information you require about coursing, kennel clubs and the growth of dog shows, matters of perhaps subsidiary importance to real dog lovers but of great value to business men and women. Mr. Parker's story travels from neolithic man to Plato, Plutarch, Pliny and Sir Edwin Arnold by way of "Ossian", mention of whose name may remind profane readers of Mrs. Betsey Prig's comment on Mrs. Harris: "I don't believe there's no sech person."

We are told that man and dog have been united for 15,000 years. Indeed Mr. Croxton Smith thinks this period is not long enough. Apparently the era of domesticity originated in Asia, "the East where God was born." The dog is not regarded with favour in

the Bible but in the Apocrypha its attendance on Tobias and the Angel is pleasantly recorded.

We find many references to dogs of fiction in this happy volume but 'Jip' the favourite of David Copperfield's Dora is not remembered. There are charming tributes in verse from which we greatly miss Kipling's immortal lines about those who give their hearts to a dog to tear. Every real dog lover is in Kipling's debt, surely he left no owner's heart untouched.

Mr. Parker's knowledge is encyclopaedic, his sympathies deep and widespread; you may sense the kindly emotions that stir his pen. He has nothing to say in praise of the commercial side of dog breeding, an aspect tending to emphasize the unhappy truth that our first commandment should read "business is business", and he pours gentle scorn on the battues of the early part of the century seeming glad to write "not only are big bags no longer chronicled, but they are no longer obtained." There are interesting sections on dogs in war, in Polar expeditions and in the police service, but the veterinary material is not valuable.

Of dog stories, some of them exceedingly tall, there is a fine collection. They remind me of a remark by Socrates in the *Phaedo* of Plato: "No man in his senses would affirm that the truth is exactly as the story tells."

The show bench, the show, the club, the docking, the business in dog breeding—all these must find their place in the modern scheme of things, but they add little to the happiness that dogs bring to man. Having a plebeian mind, when I have to replace a favourite, and the term has applied to all my dogs in turn, I go to the Dogs' Home in Battersea and choose one of the many forgotten animals that are waiting so eagerly and anxiously to give their affection in return for kindness. A mongrel's love is surely as refreshing as that of the best bred animal that ever brought a profit to any breeder.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

Oxford Books

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON

edited by

G. BIRKBECK HILL

new and enlarged edition by

L. F. POWELL

VOLUMES V. and VI

(the *Tour to the Hebrides*, Index to the whole work, etc.)

In two volumes 63s. net

In one volume (on India Paper) 63s. net

'... Birkbeck Hill's work has become a classic. Dr. Powell's revision is in the same category.' *Cambridge Review*.

THE DIARY OF SYLAS NEVILLE

edited by

BASIL COZENS-HARDY

21s. net

'... Like Boswell he had an immense curiosity and a faculty for quick observation and vivid description.'

Daily Telegraph.

THE WRECKER

by

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

and

LLOYD OSBOURNE

(Worlds Classics)

Single volume.

4s. net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Although there is symbolical beauty in the scattering of the ashes of George Bernard Shaw over his garden in accordance with his wish, it is disappointing that there should be no Westminster Abbey burial. His fame is safe, nor are the dates of July 26, 1856 and November 2, 1950 ever likely to lose their significance. Nevertheless, future men and women are owed a tablet so inscribed to cover the ashes of genius in a quiet place. There they could have dreamed over the nursery-rhyme tale of one who came to London penniless at the age of twenty, after working four years as a junior clerk in Dublin, and moved through the realms of music, literature, sociology and St. Joan, changing and moulding the ideas of three generations in the beam of his searchlight wit. The material place of pilgrimage will be his home at Ayot St. Lawrence. Here among the great man's possessions legitimate curiosity may be stimulated or gratified, but for the imagination's full freedom there is nothing to equal an honoured grave.

As a new penny

And who is to follow him as the third playwright of the English language? A sad question, with the theatre so full of clever people and the chief claimant not being likely now to develop Shaw's range and depth nor his godlike disregard of the rules. But mention of cleverness makes the hand reach instinctively for *HE WHO PLAYS THE KING*, by Kenneth Tynan (*Longmans*. 12s. 6d.). This, subtitled "A View of the Theatre", is by one who, unlike Shaw, has had the "right" background: playing Hamlet at 16, editing the *Cherwell* at Oxford, being secretary of the Union, producing *Winterset* and presenting it in Paris while he was still an undergraduate and, with English literature as his chosen subject, writing a play all by himself characteristically called *A Toy in Blood*. Since

he left the university he has been producing plays, notably the Arts Council's *Othello* and *Desire Caught by the Tail*, the Picasso piece at the Watergate. Now, with the appearance of this book which is brimful of cleverness, he is 23 years old. The Preface disarms by stating that he would "like to apologize in advance for a note of smugness, even of insolence, which" he has observed in some of his judgments. Granted, as the ultra-polite used to say. Orson Welles (another clever person—who could forget the immortal simplicity of Miss Rita Hayworth's alleged explanation to the divorce court judge: "I just couldn't take that man's genius"?) writes a long and entertaining Introductory Letter in which he gently chides Mr. Tynan for "the sweeping negative statement unsupported by argument" and finds some inflated enthusiasms begging for pricking.

It is currently reported that nobody loves Mr. Tynan; maybe, like Machiavelli, he would rather be feared, but after reading his book with close attention it is easy to understand why. At all costs he must say the bright thing, if possible with alliteration; he is ferociously intent on knocking down idols; he hardly ever thinks about the play when he is describing—so aptly—the mannerisms of the player. But to leave it at that would be a waste of the space already used by giving no indication that his passion for the things of the stage combined with a coldly detached insight for the meretricious thereon, makes a sound body poking through the spangles—as if it were a Bernini, strong, true and exciting—something left over for the maturity about which the author is so disdainful. Just as the second half of his book, though too much like a thesis, particularly in "The History of Decline", is so well conceived and written that its promise of a new and shining critic of the drama is plain to see.

The Old Vic

Does anyone remember, I wonder, a letter in the newspaper of which Lionel Hale was once dramatic critic, castigating him for his unkind remarks about an old piece *She Passed Through Lorraine*? Underneath the editor had inserted something like: "Mr. Hale omitted to mention in his article that he was the author of the play." This agreeable recollection is stirred by the publication of *THE OLD VIC 1949-1950 SEASON* (Evans. 7s. 6d.), the reading of which poses again the riddle of why such a playwright in the making as its author was should not have persevered. Too many B.B.C. quizzes perhaps? Yet his dalliance in that medium has not blunted his lively appreciation of the theatre nor his considerable critical faculties. His light but certain touch on *Love's Labour's Lost*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Miser* and *Hamlet* will please and charm readers who have seen the productions and those who have not. For the first, the book and its illustrations will prove to be much more than a souvenir programme. With no Olivier-Richardson glamour, the year's work in the hands of Michael Redgrave, Miles Malleon (and his free adaptations), Walter Hudd, George Benson, the Misses Baddeley, Churchill and Mitchell, and the others, has shown how dispensable the star system is. Lionel Hale missed *A Month in the Country* and Philip Hope-Wallace contributes an essay on Michel St. Denis' production to demonstrate that it was the most successful of the revivals of a difficult play. And the concluding chapter by P. L. Richards on the tradition and achievement of the Old Vic is timely, now that it has gone home to the Waterloo Road.

Behind the Voices

Another book to delight (in fact all these are going to be acceptable Christmas presents) is the much illustrated B.B.C. FEATURES (Evans. 10s. 6d.). Laurence Gilliam, who heads the team of the producers, not only is the editor

here but adds an enlightening chapter on "The Making of a Feature Programme". It is particularly interesting to see the tersely effective styles of two women, Nesta Pain and Jenifer Wayne, in print. Then there is welcome recording of the conversation about W. B. Yeats. There is "The Vermeer Forgeries" with its inability to decide when an old master is not an old master. There are the grim "Last Days of Hitler," a gay Compton Mackenzie in "A Year I remember", and many more which do credit to names increasingly and deservedly becoming household words for the work in this sphere.

The book of the Film

THREE BRITISH SCREEN PLAYS, edited by Roger Manvell with a foreword by Frank Launder (*Methuen*. 10s. 6d.), gives a different peep behind the scenes. The chosen plays are Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter*, *Odd Man Out* from the

SYLVAN BOOKS ON MODERN STUDIES

First three volumes now available

INTRODUCTION TO Social Psychology

by OTTO FRIEDMAN

The author shows how Social Psychology can provide the key for the closer integration of all social sciences and for a more rational control of social development.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF Economics

by HENRY SMITH

'A useful general survey of first principles.'
R. P. Schwarz in *Fortnightly*

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF Literature

VOL. 1 POETRY by LIONEL ELVIN

'The issue is always beautifully clear cut.'
Bonamy Dobree in Universities Quarterly

Crown 8vo. Cloth Each 10s. 6d.

SYLVAN PRESS

24 Museum St, London, W.C.1

novel by F. L. Green, and *Scott of the Antarctic*, the screenplay by Walter Meade and Ivor Montagu. A list of technical terms is given to prevent the reader from becoming lost on the sets, and the photographs are evocative of memorable cinema moments. Laura thinking in the train, Johnny trying to repeat the thirteenth of *Corinthians*, the men on the last lap gazing at Amundsen's flag—when the horrified thought presented itself that this sensation might well happen to any one of us—are re-captured here with something of the original intensity. The production methods of Noel Coward, Carol Reed and Michael Balcon with Sidney Cole seem to share tautness and economy, probably engendered by the common needs of very different scripts.

Grammatical structure

If the art of writing cannot be taught, a book like *PRINTED ENGLISH* by Henry Jacob (*Sylvan Press*. 8s. 6d.) can at least tell effectively what blunders to avoid in the formation of a style. Although it deals with such practicalities as adverbial particles, negative prefixes, split infinitives and 'who', 'which' and 'that', the effect of it entire should be severely to prune the excesses. Government-form English could not flourish in its vicinity and printing and editorial offices would be the better equipped for a well-thumbed copy.—There is American-style pruning too:

Next morning George called her up at the office first thing and asked her what about the job. She said she'd take it. He said would fifty a week be all right; maybe he could raise it to seventy-five later. She said it was more than she'd ever made in her life. He said he wanted her to come right around to the Schenley. . . .

It is culled from U.S.A., by John Dos Passos (*John Lehmann*. 15s.), a trilogy of his novels *The 42nd Parallel*, *Nineteen-*

Nineteen and *The Big Money*. This reprint should make another good present, solid as the pudding, and, like it, exhilarating in small helpings at a time. For example, the account of Isadora Duncan and her incongruous death is about enough at a sitting. The book indeed deserves to be called a "national epic", depicting as it does the American way of life, thinking and headlines.

More Christmas reading

The last are entirely absent from the two books left on the table. *DAWSON OF PENN* (*Chatto & Windus*. 18s.) is Francis Watson's sober 'life' of George V's physician. The author's resistance to any of the dramatics of medicine, and particularly to those inherent in the situation of one who finds himself the doctor of four kings, makes the telling of the story all the more absorbing. Here was "the statesman of his profession", a great teacher at the London Hospital with just the suitable sense of humour, and one whose hospital patients were "the fixed element in his career" no matter what calls the mighty might make upon his time and energies, facing such social questions as birth control long before their discussion became fashionable.—The other biography is about the man who had the foresight to appoint Nelson above more senior officers. *OLD OAK* (*Longmans*. 15s.) was the name George IV affectionately bestowed on John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent, who became Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean in 1795, the Channel Fleet Commander in Chief in 1800 and First Lord of the Admiralty in 1801. The decisive happenings of these years are recounted with the skill, attention to detail and readableness that one expects from so distinguished a seaman as Admiral Sir William James.

GRACE BANYARD

THE FORTNIGHTLY

Published Monthly by The Fortnightly Review, Ltd., at 4, 5 & 6, Sobo Sq., London, W.1.

DECEMBER, 1950

CONTENTS

	PAGE
REARMAMENT AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY. BY RENATE RIEMECK	... 357
FORMOSA. BY MARC T. GREENE	... 363
NATIONALISM IN SOUTH AFRICA. BY L. E. NEAME	... 369
CANADA'S MACKENZIE KING. BY LESLIE BISHOP	... 374
FROM LIBERTY TO FREEDOM. BY LYDIA SICHER	... 379
WHERE ANIMALS RULE MEN. BY WILLARD PRICE	... 385
MR. ELIOT'S COCKTAIL PARTY. BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY	... 391

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

Development and Welfare in the West Indies

Report by the chairman of the advisory body which is helping the colony to develop its educational, housing, health service and social welfare facilities, and by economic expansion, to help pay for them from its own resources.

(Colonial No. 264)

4s. 6d. (4s. 8d.)

The Future Development of Higher Technological Education

Report by the National Advisory Council on Education for Industry and Commerce, which has been studying ways of remedying deficiencies in this country's facilities for higher technical education.

1s. (1s. 2d.)

Council of Industrial Design

Fifth Annual Report. *Illustrated.*

1s. 6d. (1s. 8d.)

Prices in brackets include postage

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2 ; 429 Oxford Street, London W.1. (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1.); 13A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2 ; 39 King Street, Manchester 2 ; 2 Edmund Street Birmingham 3 ; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff ; Tower Lane, Bristol 1 ; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast ;

or through any bookseller.

CONTENTS—*contd.*

	PAGE
DRAWING CLOSER— <i>A Poem.</i> BY JOHN HARTCUP	399
WARRINGTON AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY MOVEMENT. BY G. A. CARTER	400
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. BY EVELYN P. HOPE	405

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY :

NICHOLAS BERDYAEV. BY B. EVAN OWEN	412
------------------------------------	-----

Other Contributors : *Sir Harold Butler, O. M. Green, Walter James, Gordon Winter, Henry Baerlein, F. S. Boas, S. L. Bensusan, Grace Banyard.*

¶ While the Editor is glad to consider articles offered for publication, he cannot undertake to return MSS. unless they are accompanied by a stamped envelope.

¶ The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of THE FORTNIGHTLY are at 4, 5 & 6, Soho Square, London, W.1.

¶ Entered as second-class matter, January 4, 1934, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1897 (Sec. 397 P.L. & R.).

¶ Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

Please send
a Christmas Gift to the
**IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH
FUND**

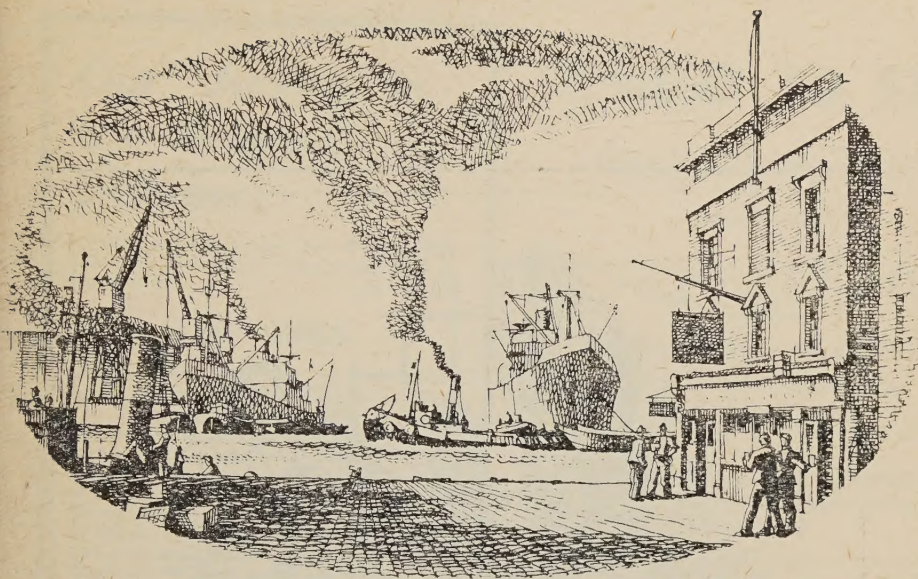
Patron
HIS MOST GRACIOUS
MAJESTY THE KING

President
The Rt. Hon. The EARL
of HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on Cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS
are urgently needed for the maintenance and extension of our work

Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir
Holburt Waring, Bt., at Royal College of Surgeons,
Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.



“Next to mine own shippe I do most love that old Shippe in Exon, a tavern A mariner fresh come from Plimouth told me that the Power of Spain is already afloat.” Thus wrote Drake (according to local tradition) when the Armada was fitting out. In every port there are taverns which have heard tidings brought from distant seas and plans for great ventures—taverns which have been preserved by the brewer working in a unique form of partnership with mine host.

Beer is stronger now and costs no more

beer is best



Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1



*... it was a very interesting
talk. I read it afterwards in*

The Listener

BROADCAST TALKS YOU HEARD
AND TALKS YOU MISSED

A BBC Publication • Every Thursday 3d.

Our Advice in the Present Distress :

" And it shall come to pass, that WHOSOEVER shall CALL on the name of the LORD shall be delivered." (Joel ii. 32.)

THE CALL

○ Lord God Almighty, I call upon Thee for deliverance for myself and for my family in adversities and accidents, and for PROTECTION in earthquakes, floods, and all convulsions of Nature. I also call upon Thee for PROTECTION in dangers, such as rioting and other social disorders, arising out of the confusion accompanying the end of the world's unhappy conditions. And I intreat Thee to make haste, O God, to frustrate the godless menace in Britain ; to redeem the world from sin, sickness, and death ; and to take it under Thy immediate Governance. Amen.

Write for free leaflets to:—

THE PANACEA SOCIETY
BEDFORD, ENGLAND

WHERE TO STAY

WELLINGTON HOTEL

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Delightfully situated at the summit of the Common facing South. Private suites at moderate terms. Lock-up Garage. Passenger Lift. First - class management.

Hot and cold water and gas fires in bedrooms.

UNSURPASSED FOR SITUATION AND SERVICE

Telephone : 1150.

Proprietors : Trust Houses Ltd.

LASTINGHAM GRANGE HOTEL, YORKSHIRE

A charming country house on Yorkshire's beautiful moors. Own farm and garden produce. Genuine hospitality. Terms 5gns. to 8gns. Brochure sent on request. Tel. Lastingham 45.

LLANGOLLEN. Hand Hotel. One of the best in N. Wales. H. & C. water all rooms. Facing River Dee, free fishing (trout). A.A. & R.A.C. Tel. 3207.



TUBULAR STEEL CHAIRS

AND

OFFICE FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS

AVAILABLE FROM

GEERINGS

80, HIGH ST., ASHFORD
28, HIGH ST., MAIDSTONE
KENT

Achievements of an Industry

Genius for invention is inherent in the British people. In a previous series of announcements — “Ancestors of an Industry” — I.C.I. told the story of Britain's scientific pioneers from A.D. 1144. The present series is designed to describe some recent British chemical achievements, many of which have been the genesis of new products and processes which have given fresh vigour to the nation's industry.

Such achievements have been sometimes the brilliant discoveries of inspired individuals, but are more often the work of teams of research chemists co-operating on a given task and working to a set plan. The announcements in this series are proof — if proof were needed — that the British spirit of initiative and enterprise is still alive.

